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### Farm Hints for September.

#### THE AUTUMN FAIRS.

The season of the autumn fairs is at hand, and for several weeks they will be in active operation throughout New England. There will be town, county and State fairs. Grange fairs and perhaps others of lesser note, but all having in view the display of the various products of the farm and household.

If rightly conducted, these are all important and should be of value to exhibitors and visitors. But to make this possible, much effort will be required of those interested. Unless there is a creditable display of exhibits, what should be the chief object will not be accomplished.

It is to be hoped that the coming autumn fairs will be an improvement on those of past years, if such a thing be possible, thus removing the cause of complaint, wherever it may exist, that some of the fairs are lacking in character and efficiency.

Farmers should find these autumnal gatherings and exhibits one of the best opportunities for mutual comparison of methods and thus afford an extra stimulus for increased and well-directed effort in improvement in all departments of farm industry. If all are thus interested and contribute to the list of exhibits, the various departments will be well filled with a display that should be of the greatest value, and all will be well pleased with the success that shall be the reward.

#### LIVE STOCK AND GRASSLAND.

Fall pasturage of meadows should not be permitted to any extent. The practice of feeding the mowing fields closely in autumn so that by winter there is little left for the protection of the roots of the grasses is a decidedly injurious course. The value received from this fall feeding will be more than offset by the injury to the fields. Better grow special crops for the purpose, and spare the mowing fields. Where meadows are very productive a second crop of hay may be obtained, and then there will be a sufficient growth of grass for winter protection.

Where there is a rank growth of grass, a partial feeding early enough to allow of a sufficient later growth for winter, may be permitted. As hay is a leading and profitable crop, its conservation in all ways should be a matter of much care and attention on the part of the farmer. Stock should not be allowed on moist mowing lands at any time.

#### KEEP THE PIGS AT WORK.

On dairy farms where swine are kept to any extent, the making of manure is a matter worthy of much consideration. If the animals are kept in pens, there should be small yards attached in which they can run, and which should be constantly supplied with an abundance of material that can be worked over and made into manure.

Coarse, straw manure or that from horses, and containing a large amount of bedding, put into these yards will be thoroughly worked over and make the best of fertilizers. Any waste material can thus be disposed of to advantage.

Pigs should always be kept well bedded. It is a mistake to allow or compel them to remain in wet or muddy quarters. The farmer may think it requires a good deal of material for this purpose, but it should not be forgotten that it will return a good profit on the investment.

This part of the business of swine keeping, well conducted, will be found to be of the greatest use in keeping up the fertility of the farm. The writer's own experience in the matter fully confirms him in this declaration.

#### WORK IN THE ORCHARD.

Sprouts are likely to have started at the roots of the trees and among the branches as well, and in their quick, succulent growth they detract largely from the vitality of the tree. These should not be allowed at all, but if they get a start should be promptly removed.

If no attention is paid to this matter these sprouts will soon become branches, filling the tree and practically ruining it for good fruit-bearing purposes. Where peach trees were set last spring or a year ago, and have obtained a considerable growth, it will be a good plan to clip off the ends of the leading branches in order that the new wood may become more matured before cold weather.

This will usually be a protection against winter-killing, which might otherwise occur, as is often seen when no attention is paid to this cutting-back process.

#### SELECTING AND CARING FOR SEED POTATOES.

A good time to save seed potatoes is when harvesting the crop. Take them after they have been dug and spread upon the ground

where they can be plainly seen. Has not every farmer and gardener noticed on digging his potatoes that there was a notable difference in the yield and in the character of the tubers from different hills? Some hills will yield twice as many as others, the tubers being nearly all of good size and smoother and of better shape.

These should be selected and saved for seed. If this practice is carefully followed from year to year not only will the productiveness be long maintained or even increased, but the quality, so far as concerns shape and smoothness, will be improved.

thru out the hoppers and help the chickens greatly. No flock can keep up its vigor year after year unless the growing birds have a great deal of exercise. Surplus cockerels and cull pullets should not be kept a day after large enough to market. Ten days before killing shut them in a coop with the run covered by cloth for shade and quietness. Ten minutes before feeding remove the covering. Light stimulates appetite. Darkness helps digestion and fattening. Provide gravel for grit and milk if convenient. Hens of the right quality will pay well for their keep, even through the poultry season, and it is just as well as pre-

the peas roll along until they come to the mesh which permits them to fall through.

All the while they are in this cage dropping water is washing them and carrying out the dirt that may be on them. Each size is now labeled and kept separate.

The "blancher," as it is called, is a trough of boiling water, through which the trays of peas are carried on the endless chain, requiring about ten minutes to pass twenty-five feet. As some of the skins of the peas, and possibly other dirt, may yet be clinging to the peas, they move on to the second series of squirrel cages, where the revolving motion again cleans them while cold

four years. The show of horses would have done credit to any fair, even a State fair, as many valuable and fancy teams and single horses were on exhibition.

In the present day and generation it is quite an undertaking to run a fair to make a success of it, and at the same time amuse and please the people who attend. Everybody has a taste of his own in regard to fairs. Some persons go just to look at some kind of amusement and nothing else of any moment. These people are not satisfied unless "something is going on," and condemn the whole concern if it is otherwise. Others go to see the farm stock, still others

old-time makeup with little knowledge of its capability or development to the present high standard of production and excellence. In looking over last records I find that in 1883, twenty years ago, with fifteen cows and heifers the average production of butter per cow was 137 pounds. It sold that year for twenty-two cents a pound, bringing a cash return of \$31.50 per cow.

That was before much attempt had been made in the improvement of dairy stock in this part of the State or to the adoption to any great extent of modern methods of making butter or of feeding cows.

Along with these changes has come a great advance in dairy production. I trust I will be pardoned if I refer to our own experience as an illustration. Our dairy has largely been graded up with Jersey blood by the use of approved sires with the best native cows. This course has been the cheaper way, and perhaps the only one open to many farmers.

It has enabled a great advance over the old-time dairy. With the improvement of the cows come better barns and stables, a greater variety of fodder and rations of fodder and grain more adapted to profitable production of milk and butter. There has also been some attempt at winter dairying, and since the introduction of the silo it has been found that most excellent results can be obtained at this season of the year.

Our silo has been in use four years and has been one of the greatest factors in our success. A substantial advance in production had been effected previous to this time, but the addition of ensilage to the bill of fare for the cows was highly appreciated by them, and correspondingly good returns were given.

The dairy of some seventeen cows and heifers overruns three hundred pounds per cow, yearly, reaching 364 pounds in 1900, the highest point as yet. That year we had the best average lot of mature cows. Since then abortion, a disease that has for a long time been making very bad work in many of the best dairies of the State, made its appearance in our own herd, and has since been a most serious drawback on its usefulness, but it appears to be on the abatement now. This reduced the average production to three hundred pounds last year, but the dairy included quite a proportion of heifers.

We have a properly finished room in the barn where the milk is separated, a sheep being employed as the motive power. The cream only is taken to the house, where it is cared for and made into butter. Churn twice a week, salt an ounce to the pound, work directly and put in pound prints for the market.

Some attention is paid to the keeping of swine, and what milk is not required for the calves, of which enough are raised for the requirements of the dairy, is fed to pigs, and \$100 worth of these generally fattened are sold during the year, leaving a supply for family use. A large amount of excellent manure is made in the keeping of pigs, and this is making its mark on the increasing productiveness of the farm.

This is not given as a specimen of fancy farming, but only what may be accomplished by common intelligence and careful attention to business, and of such there are many instances in our little State of Vermont. Franklin County, Vt.

Mr. Gregory's War on Woodchucks.

My woodchuck hunter reports that of not far from fifty holes into which he has dropped his wooden ball, saturated with bisulphide of carbon, only about three have been reopened. He winds strips of any old woolen material into a ball, a little smaller than a man's fist, and tying a bit of string around it, saturates it, and thrusts it as far as practical into the hole.

This season he has improved on his method of filling them, by putting first a rock of the size that will just comfortably fill each hole a little way down into it and then stamping in earth to level with the surface. This prevents any of the soil from covering up the saturated ball. I never before have had such success with this use of the bisulphide. It is a cheap article, to be obtained from the wholesale drug stores in Boston, in tin cans of two quarts capacity. I have heretofore depended largely on traps, but this is far and away cheaper, for there are no traps to tend, sometimes requiring a dozen visits to distant parts of the farm before the trespasser is finally secured. Then, again, the loss of traps is, in the long run, no small item in the profit and loss account, for there is a class of rambling hunters who regard all such as finds.

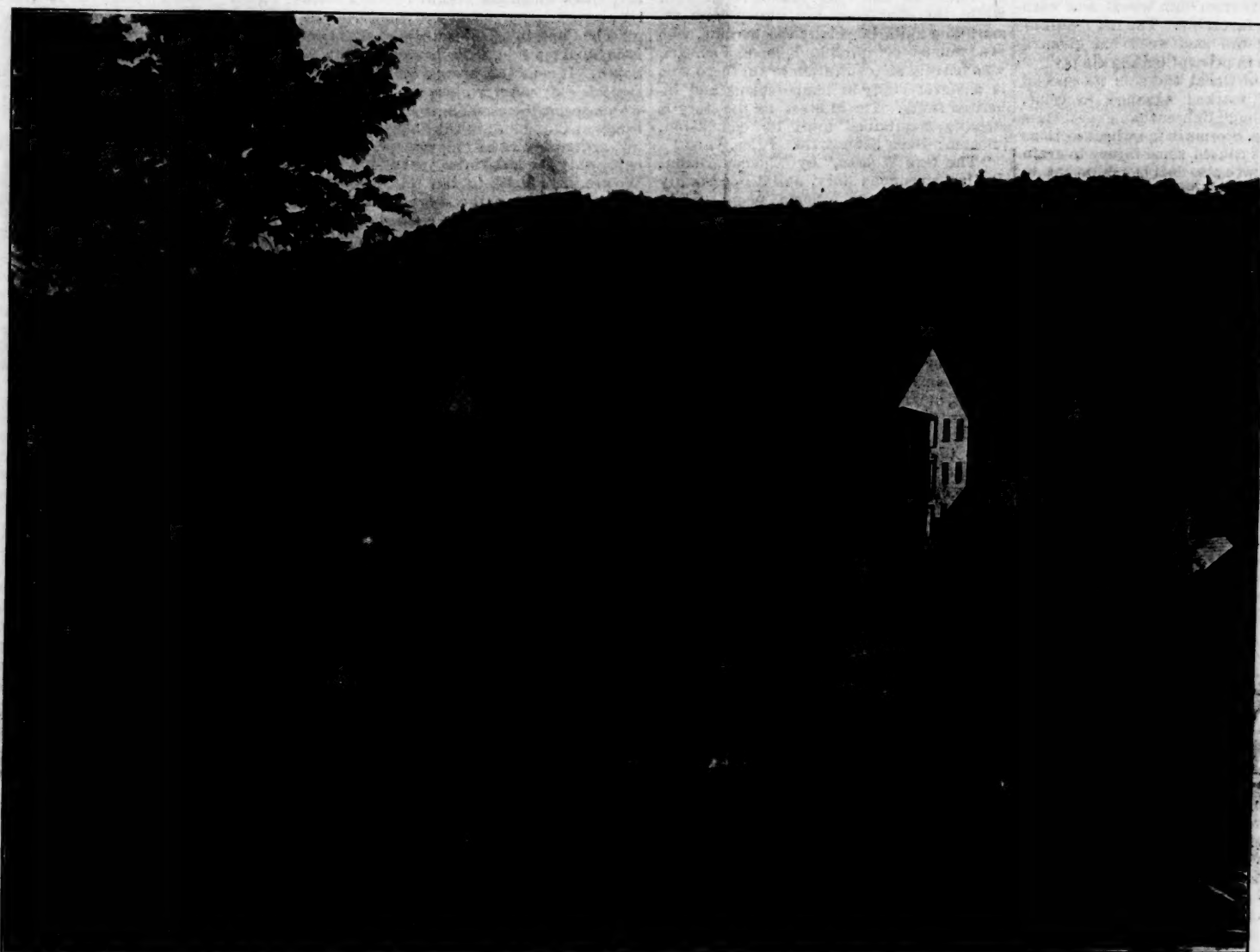
Essex County, Mass.

Ashes and Clover.

My attention has been repeatedly called to the beneficial effect of wood ashes applied to clover; or as a preparation of the seed bed, the five per cent. of soluble potash in the ashes is doubtless the energizing principle. Clover analyzes 44.5 pounds of potash to the ton, and while it can and does gather a share of its seventy pounds of nitrogen from the air, it can draw its potash from the soil alone.

I need no argument to convince me that when I can grow two good crops of clover in one rotation, one to plow under and the other to feed dairy cows, that I have solved a troublesome problem. T. J. PHILLIPS, Attlen, Pa.

The present condition of the farmer in the United States is one to be envied rather than avoided. The life of the farmer in the future in the United States, with all the changes that have occurred, and with all the changes that are about to occur, is to be happier, more independent and profitable than life devoted to most of the other occupations of man.—Dr. George E. Fellows, Orono, Me.



A CANNING FACTORY IN THE BUSY SEASON.

When once set out, the work is done, and better than it could in any other way, and if the potatoes are properly cared for there will be no further trouble about seed for another year.

#### GARDEN CROPS.

Cabbage, celery and cauliflower are growing at their best in the moist cool weather. The main point is to keep the soil from becoming hard. Celery which is large enough and which is wanted for early use may be partly earthed up this month, but late-set celery intended for winter use should not be touched until about a month before it will be dug, and only a partial earthing up is needed, as storage in the winter trenches or cellar will do the rest. Cucumbers should be kept closely picked to prevent exhaustion of vines. There is nothing to prevent making pickles on the farm and selling direct to consumers. Tomatoes will rot badly this moist weather and must be picked clean and as soon as decently ripe. Lima beans are selling well this year, and the surplus should be turned into cash. They are nearly always a good paying crop, either for local or city markets. A little spinach should be sown now for spring greens.

#### ONIONS AND POTATOES.

The onion crop is harvested early in September, the bulbs being lifted by slightly digging under the row with a light digging fork. The onions are left on the ground, usually from two to three weeks, according to the condition of the weather, to get thoroughly dried, and are then placed in barrels, or about six or eight inches deep upon shelving made for the purpose, in a barn or cellar, any place that is dry, without being too warm being most suitable. Onions will only endure a certain amount of frost without injury, so that it is always safer to cover them up from intense freezing as cold weather approaches. The early gathered onions frequently sell considerably higher than those coming to market a week or two later, just as in the case of early dug potatoes. If not marketed early, it is usually best to store awhile. This year, the crop is evidently not a large one. Vegetables of most kinds are in only moderate supply, and the onion glut of last winter and early spring is not likely to be repeated.

Potatoes should be dug early, before the weeds work in and make digging hard. If in a wet place leaving them long in the ground will encourage rot, which is quite prevalent this year. Potatoes which show the spots of rot should be carefully sorted out, as they will spread the disease to neighbors. Potatoes grown in a dry location will rot less, perhaps, in the ground than in storage.

#### THE POULTRY YARD.

Plenty of milk or dried-meat scraps will put weight on the young stock. A daily run of a few hours over the mowings will

ent price of eggs to keep them until they stop laying, which will usually be at first severe cold snap. For those who wish to start raising pure-bred poultry, this month is the time when good, young stock can be had at the lowest figures. Those who buy late take the advantage of advanced prices.

#### Canning by Machinery.

The season of canning activity is now on in good earnest, and from this time till the cold weather of the approaching fall there will be no cessation. The season for opening is about a fortnight earlier than that of last year.

Peas are the first crop to mature, and the early varieties, commonly known as June peas, were of a quality seldom equaled. Central New York might well be called the home of the canning industry of the Empire State from the number of factories here. One of the largest, and perhaps the largest, is on the banks of the Black river canal, about half a mile north of its junction with the Erie canal and is described in a letter from Rome, N. Y., to the New York Tribune. In connection with the factory there is a large farm, where are grown some of the products put up in cans, while the farmers roundabout furnish the rest on contracts for acreage. In the course of the busy season many men, women and young people find employment, and many a family's little store of money is materially increased.

The industry of putting up canned goods is rapidly growing, and the processes by which the different crops are made ready for the market form an interesting sight. It is hardly possible to conceive the rapidity with which the work is carried on and the important part played by machinery.

Take, for instance, the canning of peas, where the vines are out in the field by a mowing machine and loaded on the wagon the same as is done with hay. Arriving at the sheds of the factory as wanted, they are placed on an endless chain and carried overhead to the workmen, who tend the machine known as the "viner." It looks like a large old-fashioned revolving squirrel cage, in which are paddles, which beat the pods and allow the peas to fall out through the meshes of the cage, while the vines and pods are carried by the endless chain to the silo, some distance away.

As some pieces of vines and pods pass through with the peas, they are run through a squirrel cage, which, revolving, causes the peas to be separated from the other substances, when they pass out of it into trays.

Passing onward, the peas are next poured into a machine resembling one of the old-time fanning mills seen in farmers' barns. Here they are further cleaned before passing through into the "grader," which is another cylinder, in which there are several sections with different-sized meshes, and

water is continually dripping into the cage and on them.

Now they pass out on to a belt about three feet wide and slowly move along between rows of women, whose business it is to pick up any bad peas or any other foreign substance. Dropping from this table into trays, they are carried by men to the filler. It is the machine which automatically fills the cans, which are dropped down through tubes from the storehouse above.

When the can falls into position on the moving chain it is carried under the spout, which is then automatically opened, allowing the same quantity of peas to fill each can, at the rate of seventy or eighty cans a minute. The movement is so well timed that its place is taken by an empty can while it moves under the pipe through which the hot liquid is automatically measured and poured into it.

The can now swings on its course, going through a brush, or wiper, where it is cleaned and any surplus on top brushed off. Two boys now place caps on the cans as they move along past them to the soldering machine, with which is combined the "solder," which prepares it for taking the solder. After they come out of there, they are branded with the quality and grade, while on the way to the "dotter," who solders the little hole in the centre of each can.

The inspector then takes his turn, and if the cans are all right they pass on to a table, whence they are removed and put into large steel crates, preparatory to a second journey of some 150 to two hundred feet under ground on an endless chain to reach the building where the "cookers" are.

Coming out of the "cookers" the crates now go on to a slowly moving chain, which takes about half an hour to pass through the channel of cold water 150 feet long to the storehouse, where they are cool enough to handle. Later in the season, when the labeling is done, machinery again takes a prominent place.

Among the products of this plant are canned peas, beans, succotash, pork and beans, pumpkins, tomatoes and beets.

#### Success with County Fairs.

The eighty-second annual fair and exposition of the Lewis County Agricultural Society has just been held at Forest Park, Lowville, Aug. 25-28. The first day was a rainy one. Still the entries in the different departments far exceeded previous years. The ladies of the county fairly outdid themselves in the excellent display of handwork.

The only department not fully up to the usual standard was in cattle, which fell off somewhat in numbers, owing to the busy time the farmers had just before the fair trying to secure the harvest.

Our county has been furnishing many fine young horses during the last three or

the horses. Some are viewing the poultry, and every department will interest somebody. Even baseball and the races come in for a full share of sightseers. The writer of this article has been a director of the Lewis County Agricultural Society for thirty-one years and general superintendent for the past eighteen years, so he has had a little experience in fairs.

Some old croakers will say that a county fair should be strictly agricultural, with nothing but the show of farm products and what is generally exhibited at fairs in the regular departments, with no other attractions. This might do in generations past, but the people of today are strictly a different class. We are living in a faster and a more "enlightened" age. What would satisfy our forefathers will not do now. Therefore the writer contends that plenty of creditable amusement must be connected with agricultural fairs to make them a success.

P. E. WHITE.

Lewis County, N. Y.

#### My Experience in Farming.

The writer is what the world will call an old man, as the next birthday will reach the milestone of seventy years. Within this space of time most of the improvements in modern agriculture have been made.

I am descended from an ancestry of farmers; I live in a farming community upon the farm that my father transformed from the forest to cultivated fields. Years ago he "went the way of all the earth," but he left most substantial evidence of his industry, good management and love for agricultural pursuits. These qualities were inherited to some extent by the writer, particularly the last, and after years of active labor the work now devolves on the oldest son, and as there are two generations ahead, it is most sincerely hoped that the ancestral farm, with all of its associations, its opportunities for good work and corresponding reward will continue indefinitely in the family.

Mixed farming, or the keeping of a small dairy, some young stock and sheep, was years ago followed, but the sheep finally gave way to more cows, and butter dairying has since been followed.

I have witnessed and participated in most of the changes that have been made in this industry within the past half century, from the primitive method of setting milk in small pans, using a dash churn and wooden bowl for working the butter. I have participated in this work myself, and so along down through a portion at least of the improved methods that have followed one another in the line of progress, until now the cream separator and approved apparatus for making butter mark a substantial progress in the development of this great industry.

Not less marked in advance and results has been the evolution of the dairy from its



## Butter Market Steady.

Supply and demand have about maintained their balance during the past week, and no marked changes are noted in price quotations. The condition last described continues, the weather being favorable for a large output, and the call being liberal for best grades. There is a steady demand for extra stock at 20¢ to 25¢. Creamery in tubs three-fourths to one cent higher for box and print goods. Dairy ranges between 15 and 19 cents, according to grade, the demand for best quality holding close up to the supply. Dairy prints are in steady demand. Receipts at Boston Wednesday 2506 tubs, 5007 boxes.

The week at New York shows few new features of importance. There was comparatively little strictly fancy creamery carried over, and holders are generally showing confidence in the situation on the basis of the recent quotations. It is easy to buy fancy creamery on the open market at 19¢ cents, although a slight premium may occasionally be obtained in special channels for certain favorite brands. Grades below finest are moving rather slowly. State dairy butter arrives in moderate quantity and shows irregular quality and value; very little of it is of quality to exceed a range of 15 to 17 cents. Western imitation creamery meets little attention, but the supply is light and quotations remain nominally unchanged. Western factory rules firm, with a slight hardening tendency, although for fresh goods 15¢ cents is still as much as can be obtained. Strictly fancy renovated has a moderate demand; the lower grades continue quiet and of somewhat nominal value.

Receipts at New York for the week, 52,032 packages of butter, 36,400 packages of cheese and 44,739 cases of eggs. Same week last year, receipts were 48,970 packages butter, 31,706 packages cheese and 41,992 cases of eggs.

At Boston receipts for the week were 26,085 tubs, 31,554 boxes, or 1,309,538 pounds of butter, 6935 boxes of cheese and 19,513 cases of eggs. For same week last year, 23,143 tubs, 28,278 boxes, or 1,285,325 pounds of butter, 4544 boxes of cheese and 18,441 cases of eggs.

## Hay Decline Continues.

Prices are somewhat lower, but the decline is moderate, receipts in most markets being rather higher than expected. The supply of new hay is increasing, but there is still plenty of old stock, although mostly of low grade. The new hay arriving thus far is of better grade, comparatively, than the old.

Both supply and demand are light at Boston. Buyers expect large arrivals of new hay, together with lower prices, and are waiting when possible. Meanwhile, dealers are trying hard to work off the old stock, which is now mostly No. 2 or lower. Old hay continues to arrive at New York, a few large lots from Canada coming in last week. Demand has been quite lively for all grades at present lower level of prices. Receipts for the week were only about five thousand tons, which is much less than usual, comparing with eight thousand tons the preceding week. Western and Southern markets report lack of activity, with lower quotations at some points.

Sales of five carloads of new baled hay have been made on the Montreal market within the past few days at \$8.50 on track, according to the Montreal Trade Bulletin. Three cars of the above have been received, and were good No. 2 timothy; but the other two are to arrive, and said to be in fairly good condition. The weather has been very variable in Canada, some districts having had heavy showers, while other sections were without a drop, so that the crop is variable in quality from poor to good. On the whole, Canadian farmers have had a trying time in saving their hay crop. The following table shows the highest prices for hay, quoted in the Hay Trade Journal, in the markets mentioned: Boston \$20, New York \$21, Jersey City \$22, Brooklyn \$21, Philadelphia \$15.50, Buffalo \$15, Pittsburgh \$14.50, Duluth \$13, Minneapolis \$11, Baltimore \$17.50, Chicago \$13.50, Richmond \$14, Cincinnati \$12, Nashville \$13.50, Kansas City \$9, Washington \$15.50, Memphis \$13.50, St. Louis \$12, Montreal \$12, Cleveland \$13.

## Crop Condition in Massachusetts.

In its crop report which appeared Sept. 1, the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture includes a careful study of the reports of about 170 correspondents. Reports on Indian corn were almost universally discouraging and almost a total failure of the crop is anticipated, so far as the maturing of the grain is concerned. Should September be unusually warm, with warm nights, in fact, should summer weather prevail during the month, corn might improve so that a fair crop could be secured, but such a result is not to be expected. It is generally reported that the ears are not numerous or well developed, although as stover the crop will approach more nearly to the normal. Corn planted for the silo is also late and immature at present.

The rowen crop is unusually heavy on early out fields, and good on many of those later out, but so many fields were cut very late, and will consequently produce little rowen, that not more than an average crop will be secured as a whole. The frequent rains have put mowings in excellent condition. Many correspondents report the belated first crop to have been the heaviest for years.

Late potatoes are somewhat backward, but but few had been harvested at the time of making returns. A fair to good crop was promised at that time, although blight had appeared generally throughout the State, and there were some reports of rot. Should these diseases become prevalent and severe only a small crop can be looked for, but further returns are necessary before the comparative yield can be stated with any degree of accuracy.

The acreage of tobacco is about the same as last year. The crop is late and generally in poor condition. Some good fields are reported, but the majority show a light yield and some are turning yellow. Cutting is in progress, but is somewhat delayed by the backwardness of the crop, and will not be completed before the first week in September.

Apples are holding on well and promise an unusually good crop for an off year, as it is in most localities. The quality of the fruit promises to be good. Pears are a fair crop of good quality. There will be practically no peaches, except in a few favored localities. Grapes promise a fair crop, though hardly an average one. Cranberries are a light crop in all sections, owing to late spring frosts.

Pastures are generally in first-class condition, much better than ordinarily at this time of year, though they were in need of rain on the Cape at the time of making returns. Oats are a fair average crop, reports of unusually good ones being about balanced by adverse ones from other sections. Barley is but little raised except for forage. Both



THE POTATO HARVEST.

have done well in this latter capacity. It is the general opinion of correspondents that but few farmers give poultry the care it should have for good results, but they also appear to believe that even under the present conditions it is generally a profitable branch of farming.

## The Grain Situation.

Latest reports from both wheat and corn have been less favorable. The net result of events during the past week has given a slight advance in price of both grains.

In the case of wheat there is no special indication of marked advance to come. The crop, although lighter than expected, is still a large one. Storms in the wheat sections have doubtless caused some injury to grain in stock, and have also delayed shipment to market, thus decreasing the present supply. But in the long run there is likely to be plenty of wheat. The export demand will be large, but by no means all of it will be filled from the United States. Canada, Argentina and other countries will have a big surplus. The price is already about thirteen cents a bushel higher than at this time last year, which appears about high enough under present conditions. A great deal of wheat is being held back in hopes of receiving \$1 per bushel. Before that event can happen there must be a big gain in the foreign demand, or else weather conditions extremely unfavorable to the crop of spring wheat.

The corn market is in a critical condition. The next month or so will largely decide the situation. In the great corn belt of the central West, where four-fifths of the nation's crop is grown, the crop has been very backward. At present it is doing well, but many observers, reasoning from the coolness of the summer, fear the coming of early frosts. These, of course, would cause great injury, reducing both quantity and quality. In any case the crop is two or three weeks late, and many fields seem to have been stunted by the cold, tasseling out before fully grown, and setting small ears. The last Government report indicates a crop of about two billion bushels, against over 2½ billions last year.

The price is now about seven cents higher than last year at this time; with the harvesting of a good new crop the price usually declines. On the other hand, early frosts would cause a sharp advance. Many Eastern stock owners and poultrymen expect a short crop, and will be compelled to buy extensively for the next year. Those who took the hint given in this column last spring and bought corn at the low prices then ruling will be safe. Those who buy now have a fair chance of avoiding still higher prices in case of a partial corn failure in the corn belt.

## Literature.

Charles William Burkett, professor of agriculture, and Frank L. Stevens, professor of biology, and Daniel Harvey Hill, professor of English of the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanical Art, are the authors of a little volume entitled "Agriculture for Beginners." They say they believe there is no line of separation between the science of agriculture and the practical art of agriculture, and they are of the opinion that agriculture is eminently a teachable subject. They are, moreover, convinced that the theory and practice of agriculture can be taught at one and the same time, both in the public school. The text is singularly lucid and concise, and it is reinforced with numerous illustrations that add to its explanatory worth. The book is interesting to the adult mind and cannot fail to secure the attention of the intelligent child. Its efforts to teach the fundamental principles of farming appear to be everywhere successful. [Boston: Ginn & Co.]

A valuable addition to The Master Musicians appears in "Sohmann," by Annie W. Patterson. The author truly says that the subject of her interesting biography belongs to a wider art circle than that which is found within the pale of music alone. But so great has been Sohmann's fame as a composer that the man as he appeared in his essays and letters is almost unknown to the public through previous works, dealing with his life, which confined themselves almost entirely to criticisms of his works. Mrs. Patterson, in a letter to Fanny Raymond Bitter, says: "I could have wished Sohmann to have been placed more truthfully before the public as a man; his works speak sufficiently for him as a musician, while his writings testify to the discrimination of his judgment and the variety of his talents. But the purity of his life, his noble aspirations, the excellence of his heart, can never be fully known, except through the communications of his family and friends and from his private correspondence." This lack of an intimate acquaintance with Sohmann is remedied in the present volume which gives a sympathetic view of the composer in all his relations. It is an admirable and conscientious study of the most trustworthy authorities and is a welcome addition to the excellent series to which it belongs. [New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, \$1.25.]

In "The Millionaire's Son," by Anna Roberson Brown, we have a novel that has at least one strong and novel situation, but

it has something more than this to commend it to the readers of good fiction. It details the trials of a young man in his efforts to decide whether he shall devote himself to a life that leads to noble ends, or enjoy all that great riches present in the way of social position and luxurious living. American society is satirized in these pages in an unsparring manner. The plot is ingenious and the incidents natural, while the characters are drawn with remarkable skill, especially the heroine, who is a woman of spirit and generous heart, who is truly an inspiration to the hero who is a clever study in temperament and inherited traits. The interest in the story is steadily maintained until its conclusion. [Boston: Dana Estes & Co. Price, \$1.50.]

"The One Woman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr., is a strenuous story, and it is certainly powerful in places. Some people might call it highly sensational in the scenes where two men fight a duel with Spanish knives in a lady's drawing-room, to say nothing of other incidents equally unconventional. The muscular parson who dominates the narrative is a fine figure of a man physically, but a brute morally, and he deserts the wife, whom he has sworn to protect, for a blonde syren, who is rich almost beyond the dreams of avarice. The one woman, who is, of course, the first wife, is an angel in her forbearance, and when the other female tires of him and he is about to receive the extreme penalty of the law for murder, he is pardoned through the efforts of his first matrimonial partner. Socialism is shown up in its most unworthy aspects in this book, which is certainly a vigorous protest against some of the wild theories about marriage which are in the air. The story is never dull, but goes on relentlessly to its inevitable conclusion in its separation of true love from passion. [New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Price, \$1.50.]

A new edition of the "Memoirs of the Life of John Mytton" will no doubt afford pleasure to those who delight in reading about strange and inconsistent characters, men who display great virtues side by side with pronounced failings. This record of the career of an English gentleman is sufficiently frank in its statements, and at the same time is clothed with the charity which all should have for the shortcomings of weak human nature. John Mytton held many positions of honor, but he was eccentric and extravagant in many ways, and the record of his peculiar exploits is full of entertainment. This issue is founded on the second edition printed by Rudolph Ackermann, with considerable additions from the New Sporting Magazine. The numerous illustrations by H. Alken and T. J. Rawlins are characteristic features of this beautifully printed and handsomely bound volume. [New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.50.]

A book of practical importance at the present time is "American Railways Transportation." It is an addition to Appleton's Business Series, and treats the subject in all its ramifications with a thoroughness that shows an intimate knowledge of facts and conditions. The author, Prof. Emory Johnson, has been long an authority on the matters he treats so clearly and exhaustively, and his teaching may be relied upon implicitly. He has met a public demand in this volume with a full understanding of what is required in the way of information. The book is primarily instructive, but it is not devoid of the qualities that attract the general reader in search of popular knowledge. [New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.50 net.]

The release in two volumes of "An English Garner," by Professor Arber, has among its additions "Stuart Tracts, 1603-1693," with an introduction by C. H. Firth and "Fifteenth Century Prose and Verse," with an introduction by Alfred W. Pollard. The first-mentioned book opens with Sir Robert Carey's account of the death of Queen Elizabeth. This is the report of an eye witness, though a recent historian, according to Mr. Firth, gives good reason for doubting whether the Virgin Queen so explicitly nominated King James of Scotland, the son of Mary Stuart, for her successor on the English throne, as Carey asserts. The historical value of this volume cannot be gainsaid, covering as it does a period that is concluded with the narrative of Henry Pittman, who had been one of the sufferers in Monmouth's rebellion, and whose strange adventures, after being cast away, rival the fabled ones of Robinson Crusoe. The second addition to which we have alluded is a treasure house of English literature of an interesting period, and about half of its contents appear in "The English Garner" for the first time, with Professor Arber's consent. Mr. Pollard's additions include Christmas carols, a miracle play, a morality, and a number of the interesting prologues and epilogues of William Cartwright, besides other matter bearing on the fifteenth century, though not belonging to it directly. This edition of "The English Garner" has been judiciously prepared for immediate reference, and its classification shows at every turn the hand of the scholar and the expert. In its present form this work will prove invaluable in the public or private library as an interesting and useful history and literature that is unsurpassed in its way. [New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, \$1.25 net.]

Although not the last book by the late Frank R. Stockton, "The Captain's Toll-Gate" is the last that will be given to the public, says Mrs. Stockton in her biographical sketch of the lamented author which

precedes the story. The book under consideration was completed before "Kate Bonnet" was begun, but it was laid aside in order to provide the publishers with the character of story desired. Mrs. Stockton gives interesting biographical information regarding her husband which will be read with interest by his hosts of admirers, and at the close there is a bibliographical list of fifty titles which are credited to Mr. Stockton.

"The Captain's Toll-Gate" is a characteristic Stockton tale, with its scene laid in the South. It contains, among other things, a typical old country-place at Broadstone, which seems to resemble the author's own estate at Claymont, in the Shenandoah Valley, where Mr. Stockton was permitted to enjoy only the last three years of his life. We are introduced to the toll-gate on the very first page of the story—"tall white pole projected upward against the sky, sometimes perpendicularly, and sometimes inclined at a slight angle. This was a turnpike gate or bar, and gave notice to all in vehicles or on horses that the use of this well-kept road was not free to the traveling public." There lived Capt. John Asher, who kept the toll-gate and Olive, the niece of the captain—"rather a slim girl, though tall enough; her hair was dark, her eyes were blue," to use the author's words. Olive was a girl of twenty, the daughter of an American naval officer, born in Genoa, and educated abroad, who had been entrusted to the care of her bachelor uncle after the death of her mother. She made herself at home with the captain and would have spent the greater part of her time at the toll-gate had her uncle permitted her to do so. Mr. Stockton proceeds to introduce us to a diversified coterie of interesting characters, and he displays his accustomed skill in presenting to his readers their individualities. In his graceful way he weaves the romance around the charming Olive, but it is not until she is sought for eagerly by several lovers that she finally decides whom she will marry—the man whom Captain Asher had himself selected for her. There is a lightness of touch about "The Captain's Toll-Gate" which characterizes all of Mr. Stockton's successful stories, and while there is no deep plot or stirring action to offset the leisurely descriptive passages and clever conversations, the book will entertain and amuse. It is unlike "Kate Bonnet," but unmistakably Stocktonian. [New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.50.]

The subtitle to this biography—"preacher, journalist, friend of the people"—describes in a nutshell George H. Hepworth, whose editorial sermons in the New York Herald attracted widespread attention for many years. "Dr." Hepworth, as he was commonly called although he never received the degree of doctor of divinity, was a Unitarian clergyman first and then a journalist, but he was at all times a helpful friend, a lover of men and a fearless champion of truth and justice. Born in Boston in 1833, he entered the Harvard Divinity School in 1852, without a college education, and received his first regular "call" to preach at Nantucket in 1853. In 1857 he became pastor of the Church of the Unity, Boston, and in 1862 received an appointment as chaplain of the Forty-second Regiment. He was especially valuable to General Banks, and on his return to this city he was warmly welcomed. His subsequent career in Boston is well known to many. After he had a disagreement with members of his own denomination in the matter of giving aid to those outside the church, he began to preach in Boston Theatre to the masses, with great success, and this led to theatre preaching in other cities. His plan for a school of the ministry did not meet with the good fortune which Mr. Hepworth anticipated, and was eventually given up. We next find him in New York as pastor of the Church of the Messiah, but there a discussion arose in regard to Unitarian faith, and Mr. Hepworth came off second best.

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# Every 7 minutes in the day a new Glenwood is made and sold

Leading Dealers sell them everywhere as the standard range.

## Poultry.

### A Boom in Poultry.

The poultry product surpasses every other agricultural product except corn. There is a constant demand at good prices for first-class poultry and fresh eggs. With us live hens brought sixteen cents per pound in May, and we are now selling eggs at twenty-four cents per dozen wholesale.

The general public needs more information on the subject of breeding, rearing, feeding, exhibiting and marketing poultry. Fancy poultry interests and commercial poultry interests advance or decline together.

### Breeding a Strain of Layers.

The successful attempt made by Prof. G. M. Gowell of the Maine Experiment Station, in breeding poultry remarkable for heavy laying powers, has been previously noted in these columns.

The record sheets for two years have just been made public, and the figures shed further light on the subject of breeding for eggs. A study of the monthly record sheets not only shows great differences in the capacities of hens, but marked variations in the regularity of their work; some commencing early in November, and continuing laying heavily and regularly month after month, while others varied much, laying well one month and poorly or not at all the next. It is impossible to account for these vagaries as the birds in each breed were bred alike, and selected for their uniformity. All pens were of the same size and shape and contained the same number of birds. Their feeding and treatment were alike throughout. Many of the light layers gave evidence of much vitality, and in many instances there were no marked indications, in form or type, by which it was possible to account for the small amount of work performed by them.

Fourteen of the Rocks and seventeen of the Wyandottes died during the year. There was no evidence of disease among them. Up to Oct. 31, 1901, the hundred Plymouth Rock laid 13,300 eggs; an average of 132 to each bird. Six birds yielded from two hundred to 234 eggs each to Oct. 31, and in the same pens were six of their mates that laid only between twenty-three and seventy eggs each.

There were six others that yielded over two hundred eggs each before the first year of their laying was completed, making twelve hens that each laid two hundred eggs or over during the first year, out of the one hundred put into the test at the commencement of the year. The best work by any hen since they have been selecting the breeding stock by the present method was done this year by No. 617, who gave her first egg Nov. 29, 1900, and to Nov. 29, 1901, she had laid 251 eggs.

The ninety white Wyandottes laid 11,184 eggs to Oct. 31, an average of 124 to each one. Six birds yielded from 203 to 233 eggs each. The six poorest layers gave yields between thirty-six and sixty-five eggs each.

The report does not deal with results, for sufficient time has not yet elapsed since beginning the test to breed birds and test their laying qualities. During the three years in which Professor Gowell has been selecting breeding stock by use of the trap nests, we have found thirty hens that laid between two hundred and 251 eggs each in a year. Twenty-six of them are now in the breeding pens and constitute until other additions are made to them the "foundation stock" upon which the breeding operations are based. Males for station use have been raised from them during the last two years. The number of the foundation stock, now secured, makes possible the avoidance of inbreeding, and this is to be strictly guarded against, as it is doubtful if the inbred hen has sufficient constitution to enable her to stand the demands of heavy egg production.

All of the other breeding stock are tested hens that have laid over 180 eggs in a year. Pullets whose mothers laid over two hundred eggs in one year and whose fathers' mothers laid over two hundred eggs in a year, and pullets sired by cockerels whose mothers and grandmothers laid over two hundred eggs in one year. The size and color of the Plymouth Rocks eggs are very fine. The eggs from the Wyandottes are of good shape and size, but as yet too light in color.

### Eggs in Moderate Supply.

Receipts are not large and of course are not likely to increase at this season. The rising tendency noted of late continues in all markets. Western grades have been doing well on account of cool weather favorable to long shipments. Demand is excellent and a further advance would occur if the supply should be further reduced. The improved situation has brought out considerable stock from cold storage which sell at four or five cents below top price of fresh Eastern eggs and about two cents below Western. Nearly all storage eggs are Western stock. Strictly high-grade, fresh-laid eggs are in rather short supply in all principal markets.

### Poultry Prices Tending Downward.

Special report by S. L. Burr & Co.: The market on poultry shows a gradual decline in price of all kinds from our last letter to you, which would indicate that the farmers are parting with their poultry, particularly their fowls and chickens. Prices are fully a cent a pound lower than they were a week ago, and it is more than likely we shall see a further decline in prices before the end of the week.

Fowls are selling generally from 13 to 14 cents; chickens range all the way from 13 to 16 cents, just according to how fine they are, and very much depends upon the size; the larger the size, the better the price; old roosters at 10 cents; fresh-killed turkeys,

old ones, would sell from 15 to 16 cents; fancy young chicken turkeys are in small demand if the size is favorable, but the farmers ought not to kill their young turkeys until they will dress seven or eight pounds; such turkeys are selling at 25 cents. The next two weeks we shall have rather a slow, indifferent market, as people are changing from the country to the city homes, and this always gives us a slow market the first two or three weeks in September.

### Muscovy Ducks.

This breed was at one time very popular among the duck raisers of Long Island, but has been mostly superseded by the Pekin. Some growers, however, still prefer the white Muscovy, or a cross of this variety with other breeds, on account of its large size and rapid growth.

The pure breed has white plumage, light beak and yellow legs. The standard weight is ten pounds for a grown drake compared with eight pounds for a Pekin drake. Their defects consist of poor laying quality and an extremely vicious and quarrelsome disposition. The pair shown in the illustration are members of the flock at Exmore Farms, Lebanon, Pa. The bare red patches about the face are characteristic of the breed, and give the bird a fierce appearance which is fully justified by the fighting qualities of the males.

## Horticultural.

### Cape Cod Cranberry Culture.

A recent visit to the cranberry bogs in the Cape Cod district convinces me that there will be more than an average crop of cranberries this year, though the harvest will be very uneven. Some bogs that were not protected by water from the late frosts of last spring were totally destroyed. The frost struck them when the vines were in the bud and blow. On the other hand, bogs that were flooded for one or two nights were saved. On the whole, where the crops were not damaged, I have never seen the berries looking better, especially those of the early varieties. The failure of the cranberry crop is a serious matter for the entire Cape. The average cost of growing and harvesting the crop, and delivering the same to the depot for shipment, is \$3 per barrel. Now, if the market price ranges from \$5 to \$8 per barrel, it means a good margin of profit. If, however, the crop proves a failure, there can be no remedy for that year.

### STARTING A BOG.

To those who intend to go into the cranberry-raising business, the first important matter is to select the land, which, of course, must be low, wet land. There are three kinds of bottom lands which are employed as cranberry bogs. The cost of these lands when planted varies from \$150 to \$300 per acre. The principal cost involved is the clearing of the bog and the setting of the vines.

The bush or brush swamps are the easiest cleared and are all right if you have an unfailing water supply. The next in expense is the maple swamp, the cost in clearing the trees and removing the stumps reaching nearly \$200 per acre. The maple swamp, however, will make a very desirable bog, if you still have an unfailing water supply under perfect control.

The third class of bogs is the cedar swamp. The cost of cutting the trees, removing the stumps, and very large, each stump having a long, large tap root, that goes down very deep into the ground, and requires great power to remove from the soil. But when cleared these cedar swamps are the most desirable bogs. They are very rich, the muck being from ten to twenty feet deep. The cost of preparing these bogs is from \$300 to \$400 per acre, but they will sometimes sell as high as \$500 per acre.

Whatever the nature of the bog you clear, the great prerequisite in successful cranberry culture is abundance of water under perfect control. The first use of the water is to protect the vines from the late spring frosts. Thus the late spring frost came on just as the vines were in their bud and bloom, and ruined the crop on all the bogs that were not protected by water. On all the bogs which were flooded by water the crop was saved, and the vines are today loaded with fruit.

In flowing these bogs the water is turned on in the evening and run off in the morning. The second advantage of flowing is to protect the fruit from the ravages of insects which destroy it when half grown. These insects make their visits in the night time and deposit their eggs, which produce the worm that destroys the berries. If the bogs can be flowed for a few nights the crop is thus rendered safe. The third advantage of water under control is in flowing the bogs for winter protection. The bogs should be flowed all winter.

When these swamp lands are cleared from all form of vegetable life and the surface rubbish, they are covered with a coating of sand or very fine gravel. Years ago this coating of sand was put on nine to twelve inches deep, especially on the cedar swamp bogs, but now expert cultivators only put on a coating of about three inches in depth at first, and then a new coating of one or two inches is put on each subsequent year. This sand prevents the growth of weeds, attracts the heat of the sun, and when mixed with the muck acts as a fertilizer.

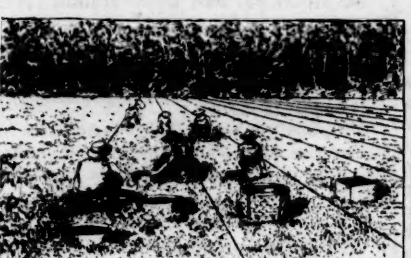
When the ground is thus prepared it is marked off into squares of eight or nine inches, the vines then set, placing two or three slips in each hole. Formerly these vines were set twelve or fourteen inches apart. The advantage of the change, in setting them eight or nine inches apart, is that the vines will cover the ground one year at least earlier than under the old system, thus preventing the growth of weeds and other forms of vegetable life.

### CULTIVATION AND VARIETIES.

After the vines are set they need to be

## WHITE MUSCOVY DUCKS IN OUR PARKS.

cultivated for two or three years, when they will take care of themselves. It has been found necessary to cut off the runners, as the runners bear no fruit, and thus encumber the ground. A cutter and rake combined has recently been invented, which cuts off the runners between the rows every year or two, cutting off the runners and raking off the cuttings at the same time. If treated in this way the vines will need no further care for several years. One of the best bogs I have visited this season has been bearing large crops for twenty-five years. The variety for planting is the next important factor. There has been during the last twenty-five years a great variety of cranberry plants propagated, and these varieties can be kept very distinct, as the cranberry is not developed from the blow or the pollen but from the root or bulb. The varieties commonly cultivated are the Early Black, the Howe, the Chipman, the McFarly, and the Belle of the Cape. From my observation, I should recommend but two varieties, the Early Black for an early sort, and the Howe as a later variety. The Early Black is a very early variety, of fair size, and an even cropper. The Howe, the later

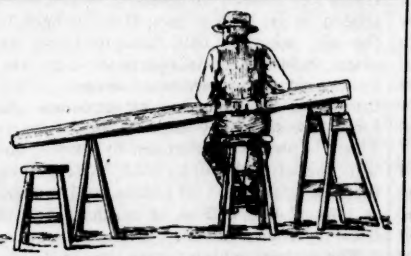


PICKING CRANBERRIES.

variety, is a very handsome shaped berry, and is a good cropper. The Early Black needs to be handled early to get the best results, but the Howe will stand up all right for shipping, and always bring a good price in the market.

### HARVESTING.

The harvesting and marketing of the berries is a very important feature in the successful culture and has changed considerably during the last few years. The old method of harvesting by hand picking has nearly passed away, but there can be no doubt of the fact that the hand-picking method is the best for the vines, as well as for the berries. However, the cost is too great, two cents per quart being regarded as exorbitant, and yet the hand pickers were not overpaid at that price. For many years the berries were gathered with rakes that injured the young vines somewhat, yet, on the whole, were considered a success. Recently the scoop has come into use, especially on the large bogs. The scoops do not



SORTING THE CRANBERRY CROP.

injure the old vines very much, but reduce the cost of harvesting to a very low price. The scoop in the hands of a skillful operator is a grand success, and must come into general use. The barrels in which the cranberries are packed are of uniform size, and are manufactured on the Cape, near the great centres of the cranberry bogs.

### A PROFITABLE CROP.

This industry is the largest and the most profitable of any one industry on Cape Cod, commencing, as it did, nearly fifty years ago in the town of Harwich, by a grower named Small, who is still living to reap the fruit of his early labors. The business is still on the increase, large tracts of land, now being cleared and prepared for planting. Stock companies are formed and immense capital involved in enlarging and developing this great industry.

In no other locality are the conditions for cultivating the cranberry found so favorable as on Cape Cod. First, the swamp lands here exist in great abundance, and at low first cost; second, these swamp lands are usually surrounded by sand hills, easy of access, and affording cheap transportation; and third and most important is the existence in most localities of a great abundance of fresh water. Nowhere in the State are to be found so many large, deep ponds and lakes in proportion to the whole area as on Cape Cod.

The cultivation of the cranberry can be made very profitable anywhere in New England where the above conditions obtain. Of course, the intending grower must have some knowledge of the business, with a reasonable capital, to start with. The demand for this fruit is increasing in our country, as well as in many parts of Europe. It is used in the rations of the armies and navies of the world, and in all of our hospitals, where it is regarded as standing at the head of the vegetable acids known to science.

### Georgetown, Mass.

The Golden Chronicle. We are all familiar with the name of the Phillips family in connection with preparatory school work, but little knowledge is in circulation concerning the men who founded Phillips Exeter Academy and Phillips Andover Academy. They were uncle and

nephew, John and Samuel Phillips, and were descendants of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Phillips, who was pastor of the South Congregational Church at Andover, Mass., for sixty years. His brother was the great grandfather of Wendell Phillips of Boston, our most eloquent orator and anti-slavery advocate. The Rev. George Phillips, who originated the family in this country and who spelled his name with one l, came here in 1830 and was a pastor at Watertown, Mass. His great-grandson established Phillips Exeter Academy. He was born in Andover in 1710 and entered Harvard College at the early age of twelve. He never followed any profession owing to ill health, but made a fortunate marriage when he became the husband of a wealthy widow, to whose estate he became heir. He, however, took a great interest in public affairs. He was a member of Governor Wentworth's council and was also in the Provincial Assembly before the Revolution, in which he was not prominent. He had no children and he devoted himself to educational enterprises. An article in the New York Tribune, from which we condense the above facts, says: "It was in 1770 that the trustees of Dr. Wheelock's Indian Charity School, at Lebanon, Ct., decided to remove it to Hanover, N. H., and found a college. Out of this grew Dartmouth College. To carry out the purpose, Dr. Phillips gave a large tract of land at Sandwich, N. H., in 1772, and \$300 to the funds of the institution in 1773. Eight years later he conveyed to the institution about four thousand acres of land in New Hampshire and Vermont, and in 1789 gave \$37 to found a professorship of divinity, which still bears his name. It was in 1777 that his nephew, Judge Samuel Phillips, founded a classical school at Andover, and induced his father and uncle to endow it. Dr. John Phillips gave funds and land amounting to \$31,000 to this school, which made him its chief benefactor." In accordance with a purpose long in view, Dr. John Phillips determined to establish a similar institution at Exeter, N. H., and this gave birth to the Phillips Exeter Academy, which was incorporated on April 3, 1781, though it was not opened until three years later. The bulk of his fortune, amounting to \$134,000, was left to this school. His nephew, Samuel Phillips, was desirous of being the head of a private educational institution, and with the aid of his father and the co-operation of his Uncle John, the Phillips Andover Academy was opened in an old carpenter's shop on April 30, 1778. Various members of the Phillips family made presents to it amounting to \$71,000. Of its founder it has been said: "The efforts and sacrifices by which he contributed to its endowment, superintendence and prosperity, justly rank him among the greatest benefactors of mankind." His daughter, Mary Ann Phillips, was the mother of Phillips Brooks.

There are not many who know that Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, the only surviving daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, is now known as M. Alphonse Lathrop, O. S. D., and that she is the head of an institution devoted to the care of needy cancer patients in New York city. A recent correspondent of the New York Times says that she has gone into the living tomb of the fatal plague, with no hope of reward but the gratitude of her stricken ones and the voice of the Master: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." An appeal has been made for aid for this cancer charity, and since it exists entirely from voluntary contributions, it would seem as if it were the duty of well-to-do philanthropic people to listen to this cry for help. Surely, there is no more worthy way to succor the sick and dying than through the work instituted by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, who is pleasantly recalled here in her girlhood and her young married life as a graceful writer. She lost in this city her only son, a promising and lovable child, and, perhaps, in memory of her great 11, she is devoting herself to the cause of the helpless.

A Michigan philanthropist who died this week was Caleb Dwinell Randall, who was the originator of the State system for caring for dependent children. During President Cleveland's administration he was appointed delegate to the International Prison Congress at St. Petersburg. His contributions to social science literature were numerous and valuable. He was interested in several organizations for the benefit of his fellow mortals, and was a member of the National Conference of Charities and Corrections, the Societe Generale des Prisons of France, the Society of Agricultural Colonies for Children of Poland, the Howard Society of England and the Methodist (France) Colony for Boys.

The dinner in aid of the Sanford Academy at Ashfield was well attended, and was the twenty-fifth occasion of its kind. Professor Norton introduced the first speaker, Frederick G. Howe, who alluded to the fact that the Ashfield dinners at first were viewed with acquiescent indifference, but as the years went on it was realized that these gatherings meant something, for they contributed to the material prosperity of the academy, and led to the erection of a good building for the library and a fund for its maintenance. Increased respect, too, it was said, was created by these dinners, and the new generation has been inspired to have confidence in the management of public educational institutions, and it is willing to help them without protest, while jealousy, lest the name of the founder should be lost, has disappeared. Mr. Sanderson's nephew has paid to the academy within a short time between \$4000 and \$5000. One of the notable speakers of the

occasion was Sir Frederick Pollock, who referred principally to the relations of England and America and the problems they had to meet. Among other things, he said: "It is impossible to feel like a stranger among men with whom in five minutes one can be talking in a language that no foreigner can possibly understand, no matter how much English he has learned. The common law is not merely a technical jargon. It is not even a technical and professional tradition. Its principles (stripped of the technicalities which seem so crabbled to laymen) go down to the bed rock upon which our civilization is built. The common law is simply the guarantee of those liberties which our fathers and your fathers in New England had been working out for some centuries. This brings us to another point in which Professor Norton has anticipated me. The concord between the two nations is not important merely for ourselves. It is important for the civilized world. United we give each other encouragement. Divided we should be a reproach and a hissing and give an opportunity to the enemies of freedom to rejoice. Any serious discord would be the signal for the enemies of light and freedom to work over to seize the opportunity to do all the mischief they could. We are standing not for ourselves alone but for the world, when we insist upon the importance of maintaining something more, something better than an alliance, something found not in externals, but in a common language."

It was regretted that Prof. Charles Eliot Norton made his farewell address at this dinner, but his reminiscences of Ashfield, where he first came forty years ago, were full of charm, and his remarks concerning New England villages had the stamp of truth. With all their faults they still afford the type of what in comparison with the great mass of human life may be called as high an ideal of social conditions as has anywhere, at any time, been attained.

Cuba affords quite an outlet for American potatoes, seeing that during the height of the season from 8000 to 10,000 barrels are shipped to that island.

Superintendent R. A. Pearson of the Walker-Gordon milk business of New York city is to be professor of dairying at Cornell College of Agriculture.

For the first time in ten months a steamer sailing from Boston sailed with cattle between her decks, when the Kingston of the Red Star Line left for Antwerp Wednesday. The steamer Kingston took 400 head of Western beef cattle as an cargo.

Among the numerous features at the fair of the Worcester Agricultural Society next week, Sept. 7, 8, and 9, will be an attempt by E. A. Parker to beat the twenty-four-hour bicycle record. He will start Monday, Labor Day, and will continue between the other races. He will provide lights to enable him to continue at night.

The London Daily Express had a comic account the other day of the adventures of a battery of artillery, who were exercising in the neighborhood of Salisbury Plain. The gallant officer in command, evidently bent on playing the game thoroughly, ordered his battery into a field of standing corn, whereupon the irate farmer appeared upon the scene and ordered them off. The officer directed his men to arrest the farmer, who promptly seized a pitchfork and defied them. There being nothing about pitchforks in the books, the gunners were hopelessly bewildered by these tactics, and the farmer, seeing his advantage, upon them and literally drove them out of the field. Following this up he charged the commanding officer, who, after hesitating for a moment, ignominiously turned and fled. It is said that there is to be an inquiry into this "military incident." It looks as if this English farmer had been studying "the lessons of the war" to some purpose; but it is feared the story is too good to be true.

The Connecticut Poultryological Society meets at the home of Mrs. H. H. Hale in South Glastonbury, Friday of this week.

The next annual meeting of Vermont Dairymen's Association will be held at St. Albans, Jan. 5, 6, and 7. Governor Hoar of Vermont has been engaged to address the meeting. Other speakers of note will be employed. There will be a special effort made to secure a large exhibition of dairy products and dairy machinery.

The New Hampshire cattle commissioners raised the quarantine Aug. 25.

The Maine blueberry canning factories have had to pay good prices for the berries put up this year on account of the general shortness of the crop and the demand from city markets. The factories that have contracts to fill are paying 9 cents a quart compared with an average price of three to four cents in recent years. Last year the price was forced up to six cents, and the producers reaped a harvest. This year the crop was almost entirely ruined by early frosts, and the pack will be very light. Those who have blueberries to sell are making money this season. One Hancock County farmer with five hundred bushels to market having made contracts at an average eight cents a quart. One wagon load recently received at a factory netted the farmer \$180.

At the August term of the United States District Court for the district of New Hampshire, held by Judge Aldrich, at Littleton, N. H., on the 25th ult., Charles D. Pike, Fred Johnson and Hiram Cook, all of Lyme, N. H., were arraigned upon the charge of unlawfully driving cattle from the State of New Hampshire into the State of Vermont, in violation of the act of Congress approved Feb. 3, 1903, and of the rules and regulations of the Secretary of Agriculture made in pursuance thereof. Each of the defendants entered a plea of non est, and was sentenced to pay a fine of \$500 and costs, or to be imprisoned for the offense in a fine of \$1000 or imprisonment for one year, or both. A special grand jury, on the same date, returned an indictment against Moses D. Flanders of Bradford, Vt., upon the same charge, and it is under arrest. He has been held to answer before the Circuit Court at Concord, N. H., during the December term. Charles J. Hamblett, Esq., United States District Attorney for New Hampshire, who represented the Government in the above cases, conducted prosecutions for violation of quarantine in a fearless, energetic manner, and expresses himself to the effect that hereafter those who violate the quarantine will receive the maximum penalty of the law, for the reason that, by the criminal conduct, or failure to obey the law, a few men, the farmers of the entire State are placed in danger of losing their herds and of having their business seriously interrupted.

was generally expected, there comes from the daily press throughout Germany complaints about the reduced supply of meat caused by a somewhat drastic meat-inspection law, the

last remaining clauses of which went into force on the first of April, 1903. The general effect of the new regulations will be inferred from the fact that during the three months from April 1 to June 30, 1903, only 3200 tons of fresh meats were imported into Germany, against 4715 tons during the same period in 1901 and 5775 tons in 1902. The imports of smoked and other simply prepared meats dropped from 6561 tons to 2240 and bacon from 3073 tons to 771 during the April-June quarter, as compared with the imports for the same period of the preceding year. Hams declined likewise from 810 tons to 255 and other forms of pork meats from 188 tons to 674. Add to this the fact that by another clause of the same law, which has been in force since October, 1900, the importation of sausages and canned meats—of which 8492 tons, valued at \$2,043,000 were imported in 1902—has been prohibited, and it is apparent that the German meat import has been reduced to about one-third of its former proportions. This in a nation of such liberal and constant meat eaters as the Germans is an economic feat of serious and far-reaching importance.

The advance in price of lard is considered due to a corner engineered by the Swifts. President Roosevelt will speak at the New York State fair Monday.

The forty-second Maine State Fair opened at Lewiston, Tuesday morning, with fair weather and one of the largest lists of entries in the aggregate ever offered at the State show. In variance with the custom for the past three years, Lewiston City Hall is opened by the fair trustees and made a part of the exhibit. It has been especially illuminated by electricity, while the streets of Lewiston and suburbs are also strung with colored lights. At the grounds the cattle show is said to be the best ever seen in Maine. So many entries were made in the 240 pacing class that the class had to be divided and trotted in sections, with a purse for each. The city is filling with visitors from all over New England.

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—Cuba affords quite an outlet for American potatoes, seeing that during the height of the season from 8000 to 10,000 barrels are shipped to that island.

Superintendent R. A. Pearson of the Walker-Gordon milk business of New York city is to be professor of dairying at Cornell College of Agriculture.

For the first time in ten months a steamer sailing from Boston sailed with cattle between her decks, when the Kingston of the Red Star Line left for Antwerp Wednesday. The steamer Kingston took 400 head of Western beef cattle as an cargo.

Among the numerous features at the fair of the Worcester Agricultural Society next week, Sept. 7, 8, and 9, will be an attempt by E. A. Parker to beat the twenty-four-hour bicycle record. He will start Monday, Labor Day, and will continue between the other races. He will provide lights to enable him to continue at night.

The London Daily Express had a comic account the other day of the adventures of a battery of artillery, who were exercising in the neighborhood of Salisbury Plain. The gallant officer in command, evidently bent on playing the game thoroughly, ordered his battery into a field of standing corn, whereupon the irate farmer appeared upon the scene and ordered them off. The officer directed his men to arrest the farmer, who promptly seized a pitchfork and defied them. There being nothing about pitchforks in the books, the gunners were hopelessly bewildered by these tactics, and the farmer, seeing his advantage, upon them and literally drove them out of the field. Following this up he charged the commanding officer, who, after hesitating for a moment, ignominiously turned and fled. It is said that there is to be an inquiry into this "military incident." It looks as if this English farmer had been studying "the lessons of the war" to some purpose; but it is feared the story is too good to be true.

The Connecticut Poultryological Society meets at the home of Mrs. H. H. Hale in South Glastonbury, Friday of this week.

The next annual meeting of Vermont Dairymen's Association will be held at St. Albans, Jan. 5, 6, and 7. Governor Hoar of Vermont has been engaged to address the meeting. Other speakers of note will be employed. There will be a special effort made to secure a large exhibition of dairy products and dairy machinery.

The New Hampshire cattle commissioners raised the quarantine Aug. 25.

The Maine blueberry canning factories have had to pay good prices for the berries put up this year on account of the general shortness of the crop and the demand from city markets. The factories that have contracts to fill are paying 9 cents a quart compared with an average price of three to four cents in recent years. Last year the price was forced up to six cents, and the producers reaped a harvest. This year the crop was almost entirely ruined by early frosts, and the pack will be very light. Those who have blueberries to sell are making money this season. One Hancock County farmer with five hundred bushels to market having made contracts at an average eight cents a quart. One wagon load recently received at a factory netted the farmer \$180.

At the August term of the United States District Court for the district of New Hampshire, held by Judge Aldrich, at Littleton, N. H., on the 25th ult., Charles D. Pike, Fred Johnson and Hiram Cook, all of Lyme, N. H., were arraigned upon the charge of unlawfully driving cattle from the State of New Hampshire into the State of Vermont, in violation of the act of Congress approved Feb. 3, 1903, and of the rules and regulations of the Secretary of Agriculture made in pursuance thereof. Each of the defendants entered a plea of non est, and was sentenced to pay a fine of \$500 and costs, or to be imprisoned for the offense in a fine of \$1000 or imprisonment for one year, or both. A special grand jury, on the same date, returned an indictment against Moses D. Flanders of Bradford, Vt., upon the same charge, and it is under arrest. He has been held to answer before the Circuit Court at Concord, N. H., during the December term. Charles J. Hamblett, Esq., United States District Attorney for New Hampshire, who represented the Government in the above cases, conducted prosecutions for violation of quarantine in a fearless, energetic manner, and expresses himself to the effect that hereafter those who violate the quarantine will receive the maximum penalty of the law, for the reason that, by the criminal conduct, or failure to obey the law, a few men, the farmers of the entire State are placed in danger of losing their herds and of having their business seriously interrupted.

was generally expected, there comes from the daily press throughout Germany complaints about the reduced supply of meat caused by a somewhat drastic meat-inspection law, the

last remaining clauses of which went into force on the first of April, 1903. The general effect of the new regulations will be inferred from the fact that during the three months from April 1 to June 30, 1903, only 3200 tons of fresh meats were imported into Germany, against 4715 tons during the same period in 1901 and 5775 tons in 1902. The imports of smoked and other simply prepared meats dropped from 6561 tons to 2240 and bacon from 3073 tons to 771 during the April-June quarter, as compared with the imports for the same period of the preceding year. Hams declined likewise from 810 tons to 255 and other forms of pork meats from 188 tons to 674. Add to this the fact that by another clause of the same law, which has been in force since October, 1900, the importation of sausages and canned meats—of which 8492 tons, valued at \$2,043,000 were imported in 1902—has been prohibited, and it is apparent that the German meat import has been reduced to about one-third of its former proportions. This in a nation of such liberal and constant meat eaters as the Germans is an economic feat of serious and far-reaching importance.

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# MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

TELEPHONE NO. 3707 MAIN.

We read the other day of a schooner named the *Carrie Nation*. Was this irony or accident?

The State Conclave of the Knights Templar at Buffalo seems to have beaten all other bands.

Thousands of bunches of bananas were washed up on the North Shore the other day. But where better? That they were washed up also has its pleasant suggestion.

No one could fail to sympathize with the member of the North Attleboro Horse Thief Detecting Society who refused to concern himself with the theft of an automobile.

One of the most present proofs of the wide stretch possible to the human intellect is that some people consider Miss MacLane a figure in "literature" and some people don't.

Down in Connecticut there was a "chicken supper" the other night that turned out, on investigation by the local authorities, to be a boxing match. The boxing match we presume was a preliminary to finding the chicken.

"Poor cooking," says Professor Butterworth—a man of any other name might have made the remark, and several have—spoils love's young dream far oftener than a lack of sympathy. But what is poor cooking if not a lack of true sympathy?

At Roseville, Ill., has blossomed a new political party whose sole purpose is to kill the trusts. Unfortunately for its prospects it has armed itself with the title People's National Protective Association. The bludgeon is all too heavy to handle easily.

Despite the close relation of the three R's to general education it is fairly evident that all the teachers are not mathematicians. Compared with the N. E. A., the summer meeting of the American Mathematical Association made hardly a ripple—in fact, numerically it out no figure whatever.

Beverly's unique organization—the Owl Club—has had the misfortune to get into print. In view of the fact that its present prominence is due to the compulsory removal of the members' mustaches, the adjective "unique" does not appear altogether convincing. There will always be Owl Clubs.

We notice another clerical attack upon the so-called smart set. Like its predecessors it bewails the newspaper publicity of this "selfish, wasteful, indecorous, baneful and often insane class," but quite overlooks the fact that a larger class of distant and would-be imitators have created a demand for the chronicle.

Yale "glides" and Harvard "dips" are to figure no more in polite dancing parties if the American Society of Professors of Dancing can successfully discourage them. The professors have put their feet down in this matter, but at the same time it mustn't be forgotten that to take them lightly and gracefully up again is part of the profession.

We have not seen the answers in the symposium recently conducted by "The Ladies Realm" on the question of matrimony for widows, but we trust that Mrs. Pohlman of Kokomo, Ind., was among the list of correspondents. Mrs. Pohlman is reported to have been married fourteen times and is now seeking a divorce. Her views on the ethics of marriage should be interesting.

A great fruit show is promised at Horticultural Hall the last three days of the coming week. The occasion of the meeting of the American Pomological Society ought to bring out a big attendance, as this meeting, always of national scope and importance, has not been held in New England for sixteen years. Any one at liberty to send fruit for the exhibition, also to attend the meetings and join in the discussion.

South Dakota, it is reported, has also determined not to be distanced in the race to see who shall first succeed in making it possible to fill the sky with flying machines. So far Boston, the home of Mother Goose herself, has done little in this direction; but it is whispered that we have in our midst a genius who has made a flying machine capable of raising a rabbit, and that, as the objects will rise to remark, is next thing to raising a fool.

The directors of an English woolen mill recently offered a prize of five dollars to each employee who would give up tobacco for six months; yet in the few weeks that have already elapsed about a third of the competitors have been disqualified. Perhaps a better method would have been to tell them the awful story of Mr. William G. Pattison of Kalamazoo, Mich., who recently died at the age of ninety years, having been a smoker during eighty of them. During his last twelve years he somewhat decreased his cigar allowance and spent only \$4800—according to the figures of his cigar dealer.

A good fertile farm is desirable property these times of financial disturbance. Farm values in desirable locations in the East have seemingly reached bottom, and are now in many cases having an upward tendency. The number of good farms is really extremely small in proportion to those who would like to own them, and while the people are increasing by thousands yearly, the number of farms now remains about the same. Owners of choice lands who can care for their own farms should not sell at the sacrifice prices sometimes offered. Such property if kept in good condition will every year become more desirable from every point of view. In many cases a little judicious advertising will secure much better customers than were expected.

The cases of foot and mouth disease found in Wakesfield, Mass., as announced last week, remain a puzzle to the State and Government officials. No reason appears to doubt the genuineness of the cases, but no way has been found to account for its appearance without any apparent connection with other cases. None other than the four first discovered have been brought to light by the most prompt and diligent search by official inspectors. This inability to account for the occurrence or to trace its source is a cause of some vexation to the doctors. They are having the germs from the slaughtered cattle tested at the laboratories to make absolutely sure that they belong to the epidemic foot and mouth disease, but so far in the test nothing has

appeared to throw a doubt in the genuineness of the Wakesfield cases.

The hay farmers, through their national association, are making a good fight against the outrageous conduct of the railroads in connection with freight charges. Rates on hay were advanced from sixth class to fifth class, making the cost of shipment from, say, Michigan to New York nearly 30 per cent, which is about as much as the Western farmer gets for growing, harvesting and marketing the crop. The case was taken before the United States Interstate Commerce Commission, the advance was pronounced unjust, and the railroads ordered to restore the former rate, which was \$1 less per ton. The railroads, however, refused to obey, and the hay producers have taken the case to the United States courts. The refusal to adjust a rate pronounced unfair by the highest authority on the subject, shows clearly extortionate disposition of the railroads. What is needed is a national law that will give the Interstate Commission full power to quickly enforce its own decisions.

Production of raw silk is an industry adapted to country districts in mild climates. The work can be done by women and children who can thus add considerably to the family income. The profits, however, although fairly certain, give rather light return for the time required. In the Southern States, where labor is reckoned cheap, and opportunities for home work are scanty, the silk-raising industry should take root and grow. It ought to pay as well as the low wages offered in Southern cotton mills, and the work is far more wholesome and independent. It seems likely that through the efforts of the Department of Agriculture, the industry will become strongly established in the South, and a good part of the fifty million of dollars now yearly paid for imported raw silk will be kept in the United States. Quite possibly devices and methods will be invented by ingenious American growers which will reduce cost of labor and make the returns more liberal than they are in the present locations of the industry.

## Troubles that Never Happen.

The efficacy of a good motto is insisted upon by the Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., in his new book, "The Only Woman." One of his characters is represented as having carved across his oaken mantel the words: "I am an old man now; I've had lots of trouble, and most of it never happened." Who of us, no matter what years we may number, but could say the same of our troubles, that most of them never happened. A wise man has said that in general our troubles have three proportions, according to our point of view. They are all fearfully large in prospect; the worst of them is bearable in actual occurrence; and they shrink to a mere dot in retrospect. Undoubtedly the great bulk of our sorrow—as of our joy—is in anticipation. For this, when applied to trouble, we have the word worry. The troubles over which we worry seldom happen, and those that do are never so bad in actuality as we were sure—in prospect—they must be. Of all senseless human indulgences worry is the most foolish. The fact that no trouble is so great as our fretting makes it, should admonish us once for all to stop fretting. The amount of strength women fritter away in summer anticipating evils that might—but do not—befall their children is nothing less than appalling. The young people have gone to drive and a shower comes up that may hurt them, or the boy has set out to find blackberries and may encounter poison ivy, or the drainage at the hotel, though pronounced good, may induce typhoid fever, or John at home may work too hard in the heat—all these possibilities are constant causes of agony to the ladies who, sitting on the piazzas in crisp muslin gowns, present to the outward eye a most alluring picture of cool and sensible womanhood. If only they would stop taking stock of troubles that do not happen.

## Shakespeare to the Rescue.

Like a fresh east wind after a sultry August day comes the advance theatrical announcements, which indicate that there is to be a pronounced managerial interest in Shakespeare during the approaching dramatic season. E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, we learn, are arranging for a brief tour in some of Shakespeare's dramas. Miss Viola Allen, Miss Grace George and Miss Marie Wainwright are each to play Viola in "Twelfth Night," and Miss Henrietta Crossman is working hard in her charming Lake Sunapee home for a production of "As You Like It." It is reported, too, that Nat C. Goodwin will put on a revival of "Midsummer Night's Dream," himself playing Bottom. If these announcements mark, as we like to think they do, a revival of interest in the poetry of the great English dramatist, it is to be regretted that the plays promised give no attention to Shakespeare as a tragedian. That the people are quite ready to attend good productions of "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice" and even "Othello" was proven last winter at the Castle-square Theatre, in this city, where the house was never so crowded as during a so-called Shakespeare week. Though it is an undoubted fact that we are today few actors who can adequately interpret such magnificent parts as Macbeth, Hamlet, Shylock, King Lear or Othello, the roles of the greatest plays in the world are great in so many ways that even a poor rendering of them inspires and uplifts an audience. The Shakespeare speeches, however badly spoken, are noble, and any movement to make the plays so popular that their language shall become a part of our everyday usage is to be commended. What if an actor does "mouth" that glorious celebration of mercy which adorns "The Merchant of Venice"? We must still be more sure after hearing it that the quality of this gift "is not strained." And so with the sublimity, the pathos, and even the occasional pathos of Shakespeare. He is the greatest English writer that the world has ever produced. But he wrote plays. If it is true of a poem, as Hiram Corson has so well said, that it is never really a poem till it has been adequately recited, the same thing is poetry of a play. One may read and read and reread Shakespeare, but to see on the stage the plays with which one has become familiar by study is to have the wonders of the English language vitalized as they were meant to be. It is a reproach to American art that very many of the active men and women of the generation just now to the fore have had no opportunity whatever to see Shakespeare's greatest works on the stage. Born too late for Booth, Barrett, Charlotte Cushman, McCullough and the other stars over whom their parents rave, they have still a good academic acquaintance with the plays these actors presented, and are victims of a consuming thirst to see the dramas on the stage. Great will be their joy, therefore, when Tomasso Salvini

## A WELL-KNOWN FARMER AND WRITER.

E. R. Towle, Vermont.

comes to this country from Italy next spring and does the part of the jealous Moor. How they will flock to witness that thrilling production! How keen will be their pleasure at hearing—whether in Italian or English—the words: "She loved me for the dangers I had passed," and all the rest of the noble speech. Shakespeare and Shakespeare alone can redeem the American stage. The women of the country can help him, too, to do this. They can and should see that their young people are encouraged to attend these managerial attempts to resuscitate the dying spark of artistic fire; they can take their husbands to the dramatic presentations instead of to performances of the "Prince of Poison" stamp. Women stand for culture. They make the success of the latest novel, the singer of the day, the artist in any line. Here, then, is the American woman's chance to fulfill part of her destiny by helping to uplift the American stage.

## Is Interest in Immortality on the Decline?

There has recently been started in Chicago a new religious weekly called Christendom, the initial enterprise of which was to publish an article with the caption "Are We Ashamed of Immortality?" The matter of the ensuing column was an earnest deprecation of the habit of ignoring the future life. Speaking for the church, the new paper said, "Although we should hesitate to say that we disbelieve in immortality, we have belittled it and apologized for believing in it until it is no longer a great force in human life." Underneath this assertion lies a large foundation of fact. The Boston Society for Psychical Research was astonished beyond measure two years ago to find from the answers received to a questionnaire it had sent out broadcast that the whole subject of immortality evokes no very warm interest nowadays in the breasts of people at large. Undoubtedly, in the New England of generation or so ago, too much rather than too little emphasis was laid upon the idea of future reward and retribution. As a result of this zeal for the life to come the kindnesses and obligations of the present were often stupidly ignored. Religion meant to many minds only a grand scramble for a safe conduct past the gateway of death into Heaven. The present attitude of mind towards immortality is a natural result of the earlier state. It is in the desire to escape the pious selfishness that cared only for the future that we now so emphasize the present as to forget the time that is to come. Our preachers have shouted "The Kingdom of Heaven is here and now" so hoarsely that the mansions in the sky have been wholly obscured. But if the preachers have forgotten, the poets have not. James Russell Lowell proclaims, with superb assurance: "The furrow which Time is even now turning runs through the Everlasting." Wordsworth's great Ode is great because it gives one intimations of immortality. Browning soars his highest in poetic passion to exclaim: "Thou thy breast, O thou Soul of my Soul, I shall clasp thee again!" But adds, because he must, "And with God be the rest," just as in another poem he asserts grandly, "A man's reach must exceed his grasp—what's Heaven for?" There we get the clue. If there is no Heaven to which man's reach can go out, life must lose all its meaning. At once it becomes too small a thing to be worth struggling for. As Christendom so well says, "You tell us, you writers of beautiful sentences, printed on thick cream-colored paper and bound in beautiful covers, you tell us that we should sacrifice for the benefit of other people. But why? Why should we sacrifice ourselves or posterity if neither we nor they have anything more than a life here? Why should we be so keen upon preserving a race of bipedal animals who wear clothes? Existence between birth and death does not seem to me of us sufficiently attractive to warrant maintaining it at all costs. And it is very difficult to discover the basis of morality in a stock farm." The simple truths that there can be no stamina in any religion which puts a future life into the background. Here and there might be a few rare souls like Marcus Aurelius, who, while preaching life that "no man can throw away any other life than that he is now living," would still live nobly and well, but to make the average human being good, belief in a future life is a necessity. It was a great moral calamity, therefore, to have interest in immortality die out.

## The Home Comes.

The prime of summer time is passed, and people who have been sojourning at the mountains, in the country or at the seashore, are turning their eyes cityward. The schools will soon be opened, the children must resume their studies, and, therefore, mothers will have to take up household cares once more, amid the bustle and distractions of urban life.

But, after all, many will be glad to get home where numerous comforts are to be enjoyed that are not found elsewhere. It is pleasant, may be necessary, generally speaking, to lay down domestic burdens for a while, to change the current of one's thought and get out of the rut of conventionalism, in order to secure both bodily and mental health, yet a house in town has its own attractions which cannot be matched far away from brick walls and paved streets. Its little conveniences are missed even in the grandest warm weather resorts, and custom has made the broad and pier that mothers make superior to all the efforts of professional cooks.

Home-coming is a pleasant event whether in city or village, and one's own bed and one's own table is greatly enjoyed after other experiences that have proved far from agreeable, either through our own morbid imaginings, or from actual happenings.

Truth to say, city people are apt to expect too much from rural hosts during a vacation. They look for the full supply of meat and delicacies that they get from large markets during the fall, winter and spring, and they too often ask for them when they are paying low prices for board and lodging. They are not content with the fresh fare that comes from nearness to the farm and garden, but demand viands that cannot be readily obtained amid rural surroundings. These dissatisfied people always manifest great enthusiasm when they are back in the city, and frequently they sit down to food which is no better, if as good, as that about which they have grumbled furiously all through their absence.

But all are not like these cranks. Many have been considerate and have expected no more than was reasonable, and such return with pleasant memories of their association with country folk and their simple ways and honest thoughts.

Still, home is home. There is no place like it, as the poet sang long ago, though he had none of his own, and it is good to be there.

## The Different Appetites of Plants.

It might seem, without a careful second thought, that all plants take their food from common sources of the same elements and in the same proportions. In some respects there is truth in such belief and in others there is not. The soil, the water and the air are the sources from which plants draw their sustenance and the materials with which to build their structures. A part is taken through their roots and the rest through their leaves. The roots take up certain mineral elements, and always in liquid or soluble forms. The amount of mineral elements taken up and deposited in the wood and other parts of the trees and plants can be quickly and accurately ascertained by burning them. The ashes will contain all that pertains strictly to the earth; the rest having been volatilized and returned to the air. Nitrogen, which is a gas that forms four fifths of the air, plays an important part in the composition of the plant food, by being combined with other gases and sometimes with minerals forming what we usually call nitrates. These nitrates are dissolved in the water of the soil, and thus pass into the sap of all vegetation. Whenever these nitrates are broken up chemically and the nitrogen is set free it goes directly back into the air, whether this decomposition takes place suddenly as in combustion by fire or by the slower processes of decay. This is the main reason why nitrogenous plant foods are so costly and so easily wasted. There is plenty of nitrogen in the air, but it is difficult to get and to hold. Nitrogen only forms a small part of plants, and the same is true of the bodies of animals, but that little is very essential.

The carbon, which forms the bulk of all wood and other dry vegetable tissue, is taken from the air in the form of carbonic acid gas. It is taken in through the leaves, and after being changed in a marvelous way is deposited all through the trees and plants. It is the part that burns, by combining with the oxygen of the air; when it is again in condition to be taken up by the leaves. Thus there is going on the endless round of natural changes, that are at once simple enough and yet mysterious in the truest sense.

There are several other natural elements that go to make up the foods that plants must feed upon. They are not large in amount, but they are just as essential as if they were. Lime, iron, silicon, magnesium, potash and phosphorus are of the number. All these are minerals and exist in most soils abundantly, but in some cases in forms that are not available to the plants in large quantities, and in some cases not sufficiently so to meet their demands. This is why some soils are not considered fertile. They may be fertile or rich enough for some species, but not for others. Plants have different appetites.

When we consider the wonderful variations of soil and climate it is not to be wondered at that there are countless species and varieties of vegetable growth. Some will flourish under certain conditions, while others will not endure them for a day. A soil that is fertile for one may be barren for another. Among the trees, for example, we know that the walnut will only flourish in an alluvial soil, where all the elements exist in abundance that conspire to make it what we call rich; while the banana plant delights in the warm rich lands of the tropics; the pine will grow equally well in a poor, thin sandy soil; the lichen will be satisfied with a few tiny rootlets fastened on an arctic boulder. The pond lilies must be rooted under water, while the sage brush and cactus of our Western plains will flourish from a single irrigation. Nature has sorted out these and million more forms of the vegetable kingdom to suit their peculiar environments.

In our work of cultivating the trees and plants that serve our purpose we should know their requirements. If we know by the chemical analysis of the ashes of pine wood, and from seeing the trees grow on land that is almost devoid of potash, phosphoric acid and nitrogen, then we ought to be wise enough to know by the same means

that grass feeders like corn and oats, which only flourish where these plant foods are abundant in the soil, should have them supplied according to their needs. There is scarcely a crop that we grow that does not need large quantities of these things and in available forms. We should enter to their appetites just as we do to those of our animals, and they will repay us equally well. We should study their peculiarities. It is easy enough to know that the cereals must have plenty of phosphoric acid, the fruits, potash, and the forage crops and garden vegetables, nitrogen. It would be useless to enumerate lists of crops and the plant foods they require. These are details that should be studied out by those who are interested in the several lines of culture, and it is easy enough to do so from the fund of information at hand. But "a hint to the wise is sufficient."

## Berlin Markets.

No better way appears for a farmer to judge of the products of a country than by visiting the markets. Berlin has fourteen market halls maintained by the city. One of the most important is the Neue, both wholesale and retail. It is a very large two-story building divided into small stalls for the retail trade, mostly in charge of women, and devoted to every kind of produce.

Here are flowers, fruit, vegetables, fish which are sold alive, game and meats of all kinds. In every department may be found a great variety and of all qualities, and the stalls are crowded, making it quite difficult to get about. They have here what I never saw anywhere else, a clearance sale. About noon, goods that are a little passe are placed in a sizable space with a long bench or counter in front. An auctioneer stands behind and offers the goods, from a single duck or goose, to a box of game, to the crowd of buyers. The articles are passed rapidly along the counter for quick examination, being bid upon at the same time and sold.

A clerk takes the buyer's name and the price for settlement and delivery after the sale. Thus in an hour large quantities of goods are sold to the mutual advantage of both parties. The seller disposes of what might be lost in another day or two, and the buyer gets for a low price what is yet good.

The river Spree is used as a canal for the cheap transportation of produce from long distances to the country to Berlin. I noticed a canal boat, about 150 feet long and twenty feet wide, deeply loaded in bulk with pears and apples. They were in bins of different sizes, in the hold, apparently belonging to different producers, and put in charge of the captain, who seemed to act as their agent for the sale of the produce. The fruit was taken from the hold in large baskets holding about a barrel each, handled with very little care, and sold from the deck to hawkers and other dealers. Of course, this fruit, although coming directly from the orchard, would soon decay and never be in its best flavor. This description may be applied to other farm products. There are, however, some choice fruits to be found in fancy stores. The demand for nearby products is largely supplied by hand wagons drawn by a woman and a dog, or a woman and two dogs, which seems to be a whole team. It is astonishing when large loads they draw. Family bread making is unknown in Germany, and I think, in all Europe.

Milk is sold about the city from tanks on wheels. These tanks are divided into three parts, from which cream, skimmed milk and whole milk are drawn from faucets, as called for.

Dwelling houses are warmed by the same style of heaters that have been in use in Germany for centuries, consisting of a piece of masonry, two feet square and six feet high, covered with tiles more or less ornamented. This encloses a fire-box very inconveniently arranged for use. There is very little wood in Germany, and it is cared for with the strictest economy. Coal is used, and also peat, compressed by hydraulic pressure into brick forms. These are sold for \$1.75 per thousand, seemingly a very low price, but labor is cheap in Germany. There are in the German Empire 4,942,000 acres of peat bogs and in Ireland twelve thousand square miles, covering two-fifths of the whole surface of the country, apparently an inexhaustible supply.

## Profit in Vetch Seed.

Winter vetch is one of the best crops for late sowing. It lives through the winter, stores up the nitrogen of the air like clover, and is especially useful as a pasture for farm stock, a cover crop in orchards, or a green manure for plowing under to enrich the land.

The fodder is relished by all classes of animals, and it is an extra good feed for hogs. The great drawback is the high cost of the seed, which is imported from Germany and sells for \$5 per bushel. There appears no reason why all the seed should not be raised in America, the price could be reduced and still leave a good profit for the grower. For three years in succession at the Ontario experiment farm vetch has been sown in the autumn and ripened the following season, giving an average yield of 10.8 bushels of seed per acre. Its cultivation is as simple as that of rye or wheat. It is likely to become quite popular, and with a good demand for the seed, especially from orchardists.

A home-grown supply would quickly be bought up by seedsmen, or could be sold direct to consumers by advertising in farm papers. Here is a chance for a few enterprising farmers to work into a crop much more profitable than grain, and one which will tend to improve the fertility of the farm.

## Official Cranberry Crop Forecast.

Secretary W. H. Fitch of the Cranberry Growers Association reports the crop outlook as follows: So far as data are available, the present prospect is for an output about the same as last year, and that this may be more clearly understood, I will state, for comparative purposes, that the banner year on record was that of 1901, when the yield was 1,500,000 bushels. Although we, in the West, generally, use the barrel as the unit of measurement, in the East they employ the bushel package, and so, I have conformed to the older usage.

Of the 1,200,000 bushels, New England, principally Massachusetts, contributed 720,000, or sixty per cent. The Middle States, chiefly New Jersey, 300,000, or thirty per cent., and the West, largely Wisconsin, 180,000, or ten per cent.

Last year the published account indicated a total of 801,000 bushels, or twenty-four per cent. less than the year before, and made up as follows:

New England, largely Massachusetts, 540,000 bushels, or 57.4 per cent. Middle States, principally New Jersey, 125,000 bushels, or 15.7 per cent., and West, chiefly Wisconsin, 136,000 bushels, or 16.9 per cent. If the conjectures, for at this time they should be, in fairness, considered as such,

of the committee are correct, the total crop will be 808,000 bushels, or seven thousand more than last year, i. e., practically the same, and will be proportioned as follows: New England, chiefly Massachusetts, 432,000 bushels, or 53.5 per cent. The Middle States, largely New Jersey, 275,000 bushels, or thirty-four per cent., and the West, principally Wisconsin, 101,000 bushels, or 12.5 per cent.

It may be proper, however, to mention that the crop in the East is late and hence small, while opposite conditions prevail in the West; so that the complexion of the crop may change in some features when the harvest is made.

## Fencing a Hog Pasture.

The fence question is an important question with us. I have tried at least twenty different kinds of fence for hogs. For the last eight or ten years I have been using a fence which I have never seen improved. The manner of building it is just as important as the material used. It is composed of barbed wire and wire netting.

First, I should set posts very solidly. I would dig a hole four feet square and three feet deep, and fill in around the post and rocks. The post should be made of cedar or oak, something that will last twenty-five years. If the posts are not properly set, I do not care how well the fence may be constructed, it will be a failure. When those are set solidly, I draw a barbed wire around very tightly.

No matter what kind of a hog fence you construct, it is necessary to have one barbed wire on the ground. That also serves as a guide to set the remaining posts. These intermediate posts should be about a rod apart. We let them freeze in, and then every post is as solid as a tree. In the spring, before the ground thaws, we stretch the wire netting. It requires a great deal of tension, so we stretch it from the posts while they are solid. We draw it up as tightly as the tighter will allow, and then we have a fence for a lifetime. Our fence has been up ten years, and it is about as tight as when it was first built. We draw a second wire six inches above the first. This will keep hogs, and another wire breast high will turn any kind of stock. We have never had a pig get through the fence.

I have not had a sow on my farm for years but that I could go right in among the pigs and handle them. They are never cross with us. Where a sow has been shut up in a pen and fed on corn (she has been having a fat producing ration), she has had nothing that will produce muscle or bone. She has been robbing nature all winter and she is feverish and cross, and when she approaches the litter of pigs she bites a pig and gets a taste of the blood, a taste of that feed which she has been deprived of all winter, and she eats them up. We want to look after their wants carefully, to take so much pride in them that we will give them proper care, and then we shall make a success of the business.

Dover, Minn. FOREST HENRY.

My judgment is that bran should make up at least one-half by weight of a cow's ration. I like it, not because it is particularly rich, but because of its light, silky character and because it helps lighten the ration. It is less digestible than the heavier feeds, yet seems to aid digestion.

The remainder may be made up of cottonseed and linseed or cottonseed and gluten. One of the best rations we have used contained five pounds of bran, one and one-half pounds of cottonseed and one and one-half pounds of linseed meals.

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## Our Homes.

## The Workbox.

## LADIES' KNITTED JACKET.

Use 12 skeins of white Germantown yarn, 3 skeins colored, 1 pair No. 1 bone needles. This garment is knitted with the ridges running up and down and is begun at the edge of one front, one side being knitted, then the back, and lastly the other front, ending and casting off on the edge of the last front piece.

With white cast on 75 stitches. Knit 25 puris, or 50 rows. Cast on 17 and knit 19 puris.

Bind off 34 stitches. Narrow 1 each puri for 12 puris, puri 12 puris without narrowing.

Cast on 46 stitches, knit 19 puris and bind off 17 stitches. This makes shoulder and armhole.

Knit 25 puris for back. Cast on 17 stitches and knit other front to correspond with the first. Sew shoulders together.

With color take up for yoke stitches on right side of garment, knit 1 puri and when within 2 stitches of turn, slip 1, narrow, and slip and bind these 2 stitches. Repeat at each turn.

Knit back plain and continue as above for 6 puris, being careful to keep "slip and bind" stitches in place to form a correct miter.

When the 6 puris are completed, make the seventh row in this way: Slip 1, 1 plain, over 2, narrow and repeat to end of row. This makes holes for ribbon.

Knit back plain. Knit 2 plain, puri 2, alternately, until collar is the depth desired; 14 inches of ribbing is generally sufficient.

Pick up stitches round bottom of jacket. Knit 3 puris.

Make a row of holes at neck and knit 2 plain, puri 2 to a depth of 14 inches and bind off.

Sleeves—With white cast on 100 stitches. Knit 6 puris. Knit 18 puris, increasing one in each puri.

Knit 25 puris without increasing. Knit 18 puris, decreasing one in each puri.

Knit 6 puris plain. Bind off. On right side with color take up stitches round hand.

Knit 3 puris. Make opening for ribbon the same as at neck. Knit 2 and 2 until cuff is deep enough. Bind off. Sew up sleeves, sew in body. Leave selvage down fronts. Run in ribbon. EVA M. NILES.

## To Lighten Laundry Work.

Washing day is justly dreaded in the heat of summer, when all work is a double burden to the flesh. Anything that lightens the work is therefore especially welcome, but though the tools of today are superior to those of our grandmothers, modern invention has done comparatively little to lighten the labor of the laundry. In spite of the cost of washing machines and the representations of their agents, a perforated zinc rubbing board is still the most useful tool that a good laundress can command.

One of the most important parts of washing is the assorting of the clothes. There are many stains which, like those of perspiration, disappear magically with a little cold water and soap, and others, like fruit and coffee, which must be treated with boiling water, but are permanently set by lukewarm water. If it is the practice of the family to soak all the clothes in cold water before the washing has begun, a great many stains will be permanently set; but if the various kinds of stains are carefully sorted out and properly treated hours of rubbing will be saved.

A housekeeper whose clothes always look as white as the driven snow says that it is best to soak coarse clothes in cold water, but the table linens and fine clothes need not be so treated. The same housekeeper says, that as soon as she has removed the stains from her clothes she puts them in cold water in the boiler and brings them to the boiling point, and then puts them in the washbasin to be rubbed for the first time. The boiling starts the dirt, and the rubbing is much easier than it would otherwise be. After rubbing, the clothes are transferred at once to the first rinsing water, then to the second, and when they are thoroughly rinsed they are put a few at a time into the bluing water, provided they have not been blued in several weeks. If they have, they are wrung out with the wringer and put out to dry. All white clothes should be dried outdoors in the strongest sunlight. Both the freezing cold and the heat of the summer's sun bleach them.

Brown soaps usually contain rosin and soda, and are good for washing white clothes, but they should not be used for colored clothes or flannels, as soda bleaches the one and the rosin is injurious to the other. Use a good white soap for this purpose. All colored clothes should be dried as quickly as possible in the shade. Starched clothes are dried in the house in laundries, in order to keep them stiff. If they are yellow, they are bleached in the sun, and afterward starched and hung in the house to dry. Colored dresses which are trimmed or combined with white should be rinsed in water in which salt has been dissolved in about the proportion of a tablespoonful of salt to a gallon of water.—N. Y. Tribune.

## The Revival of the Linen Chest.

Everywhere in the shops today one finds linen chests, more or less elaborate. For a few dollars one may buy a very plain oak or cherry chest, and the price ranges from that modest sum far up into the hundreds. Nothing but a fine antique will do for some young women, and genuine old chests whose heavy wood is finely carved and rich with the color and lustre of centuries are not sold for a song. Imitation antiques are plentiful and some of them are attractive enough if one buys them for what they are and does not pay the price of real antiques for them.

There are fine old inlaid chests, chiefly Italian, and one recently imported for the daughter of a New York man cost the buyer \$250. Another, of French workmanship, inlaid with exquisite medallions of painted ivory, is valued at \$500.

A strictly modern French chest made to fill a New York order is of dark oak, severely plain, but mounted in wonderful art nouveau metal work set with semi-precious stones.

Such chests are not for all lovers of linen, but linen all women must have, and the earlier the collecting is begun the more satisfactory the supply is when its owner's wedding day comes. The wife mother buys the linen chest and begins stocking it long before the daughter is old enough to take a vital interest in the proceeding.

It is easy to have an exceptionally beautiful supply of linen if one watches the sales, and if one buys a little at a time. Even though a woman has unlimited money at her disposal she cannot at one full swoop collect a stock of linen as satisfactory as one picked up piece by piece, because of

some particular merits or charm in each piece.

One may buy almost any sort of linen store-hemmed, nowadays. The hurry and rush of modern life has demanded that concession, but the girl who is out for domesticity will prefer hemming and working her own linen.

Of course, the supply she will need will depend upon the position she will occupy, but it is hard to get too much linen, and certain basic rules of selection every one may follow.

First there is the kitchen supply, cup towels, glass towels, roller towels, dish cloths, omelette cloths, tick-covered iron holders, a bag for clothespins, cotton-flannel bags to draw over the brooms when the wood floors are to be brushed. All these are to be hemmed, worked with one or two initials and laid away in the linen chest.

Then there is the servant's linen, a bountiful supply of sheets, pillow slips, towels, spreads, tablecloths, napkins, not necessarily of very fine quality, but carefully selected, durable, well worked.

When this foundation is laid one has come to the delightful part of the work, the choosing of the general house linen in varying grades. Here temptation meets one and covetousness becomes one's darling sin, but one must keep a level head and consider the practical as well as the beautiful, and one must learn to be an unerring judge of quality.

The attractive designs of many of the cheap modern linens blind the novice to the defects in quality, and it does not pay to buy poor linen unless anything else is absolutely out of the buyer's reach. One soon learns to discriminate and to pick up excellent bargains at a comparatively low price.

The girl who has had the linen laid for even a few years is in a condition to accept a proposal with unclouded serenity, and face housekeeping without a misgiving. A well-filled linen chest is calculated to inspire even the most inexperienced of young housewives with moral courage.—Evangeline.

## Why Flannels Shrink.

Flannels or any articles made of wool are entirely different in their ultimate fibers from those of cotton or any vegetable fabric. The fibers are spiral in form and heat and cold and rubbing make them draw up, while certain strong alkalies seem to produce the same effect. It is, therefore, necessary that flannels should be washed in water of even temperature, wrung dry and rubbed as little as possible. Rub when necessary with the hands and not on a board. Do not put flannels outdoors to freeze in winter, but hang them before the fire or in a warm room to dry as quickly as possible, and they will not shrink.

Shaped wool undergarments should be dried on wooden forms, the exact size of the garments when new. Stretched on these frames the flannels cannot shrink, and remain as long as it lasts as good as new. Frames of this kind cost about as much as good garments originally do, and will last a lifetime.

## Heart Wounds Not Necessarily Mortal.

In wounds of the heart itself the escape of blood is never in large quantity, and the lethal consequences are due to the fact that the escape of blood from within its cavity (or cavities) into the surrounding sac of the pericardium mechanically interrupts the alternate contraction and expansion by which its pumping action is maintained. Accordingly, the results of wound of the heart are usually identical with those of gradual suffocation. This fact was strikingly demonstrated in the case of the Empress of Austria. And the diabolical skill and precision with which the wound was inflicted in her case offer a diagrammatic illustration of a necessary fatal wound of the heart. The instrument used was too large to form a mere "needle puncture." It was inflicted too high in the chest to be "non-penetrating," for it was aimed with truly fiendish ingenuity at the position of one of the thin walls of the four cavities of the heart, and the directness of the penetration, combined with the thinness of wall of the cavity, rendered it physically impossible that the wound could be "valvular."

The Israelite warrior of old smote the enemy—when possible—"beneath the fifth rib," because the impulse of the heart is felt there. But he probably did not know that it is in that precise position that the wind of the heart is least necessarily fatal. The Italian assassin of recent date displays incomparably greater skill and knowledge. In the sentence of the present day also proves that the historic account of the death of Admiral Villeneuve is open to sceptical doubt. And the recent cases of suture of the heart give illustration that modern surgical skill may attempt, and with success, the seemingly impossible.—American Medicine.

## What Muscles Tire Soonest?

In answer to this question most people would say: "Those that are most used." This, however, is not the conclusion to which M. A. M. Bloch is led by an investigation of the subject, described at length in the *Revue Scientifique* (June 6). It appears that not the most used muscles, but those that remain longest under tension, though doing no work, are the ones that feel the first and greatest fatigue; and the writer urges us to exercise the arms and legs less and the back, loins and neck more; for on these often comes the greatest strain. M. Bloch's method of investigation was to send out questions to be answered by men of a great variety of occupations. To quote the *Revue*:

"He asked every one these same questions: When you have worked much, where do you feel tired? Before you were trained, did fatigue show itself in the same regions?"

The author has just communicated to the society of biology the preliminary results of this investigation, which is not yet completed.

"These results are remarkably concordant and enable certain conclusions to be drawn. We shall see that some of the answers are very odd, even paradoxical, but on reflection they appear reasonable and are explained by a physiologic law that may be formulated thus: It is the muscular groups that remain still during contraction that are tired, while the muscles that contract and relax incessantly, even in excessive toil, accomplish their task with much greater ease. In most cases the immobilized muscles are the auxiliaries, the sides of professional work; in others, they are the principal elements of action; but in both cases the result is the same, as we shall see in the following examples:

"The baker who has worked all night, keeping himself bent over while he kneads with his arms the heavy mass of dough, complains of fatigue in his legs.

"The wood-sawyer, who has the top of the long saw, who stoops and rises in cadence, making an effort in both direc-

tions, says that he is tired in the calves of his legs. The sawyer who holds the lower end, who stretches out, holding his arms above his head and scarcely bending his body, feels the fatigue in his loins.

"The road-repairer, who digins the road with great effort, is tired in his legs.

"The blacksmith who works on the anvil is tired, not in his arms or shoulders, but in his back and loins.

"The ditcher who hauls up rakesful of mud is tired in his legs.

"The shoemaker who uses his hammer or draws his thread for long hours complains of pain in his loins or in the muscles of his abdomen.

"The young soldier, after a march, is tired especially in the back of the neck, even if he has carried no knapsack.

"The practiced horseman is tired in the adductor muscles of the thigh. He could not, to quote a riding-master, break an egg between his thighs.

"The artilleryman, seated on a caisson, forced to hold himself in a cramped position so as not to fall, suffers in the neck and loins after a long march.

"The partly trained violinist speaks of a painful tension in the neck after he has played for some time. The consummate artist complains of his left hand which he has held contracted on the neck of the instrument. The violinist has the same sensation in the left hand; after a long sitting the thumb of the right hand, which is held immovably on the bow, becomes numb and painful. The amateur pianist feels tired in his chest and back, but when well trained and supple he feels no longer.

"An expert fencer says that after a long bout he feels tired in the right shoulder.

"The oarsman who is in perfect training and good form gets tired in his calves and insteps after prolonged exercise.

"The preceding information shows evidently the predominance of fatigue in the immovable muscular groups—accessory, as with the baker and the wood-sawyer; or principal, as with the horseman or the violinist. But the scientific interest attaching to these observations, which are as clear as day, is not the only result of M. Bloch's investigation. We get from his practical information in pedagogy and in military science. We should exercise as much as possible the auxiliary muscular groups of professional movements, and break as often as possible during the muscular exercise itself the permanence of the contractions, whether auxiliary or effective. Young recruits, as in Germany, should be given exercises to render the neck and back supple. Horsemen should practice respiratory exercises and should walk or run on foot at intervals, besides, exercising the adductor muscles of their thighs by appropriate movements. In general, we should address the muscles of the neck, the loins, the lumbar, dorsal and cervical muscles, which are weak and in frequent use as auxiliaries, a considerable part of the time now used for exercising the arms and legs."

—Translations made for The Literary Digest.

## The Other Side.

There is scarcely a man or woman who is earning an honest living, or who has a settled income, however moderate, who is not constantly appealed to for help by the lazy or the dissipated, who have fallen step by step to a state of degradation through their own faults. They have what Dickens calls the dry rot, and their hands are constantly held out for pecuniary aid.

The more they receive the more they demand, and they come to regard leaning upon their more prosperous neighbors as a right, which should not be gainsaid. They become actually insolent when they are refused a favor. They are as ungrateful as the proverbial serpent, and repay benefactions with base ingratitude. Their tongues are busy taking away the characters of those who have befriended them, and they will not return an obligation, even by such poor services as they are capable of rendering. They are human jelly fish, flabby and sticky, floating about on the sea of life to the annoyance and discomfort of all with whom one comes in contact.

There were some places where they could be confined and taken care of at the public expense, it would be a great relief to those whom they incessantly bother for small loans which they never repay; but, unfortunately, they have just wit enough to keep themselves out of retreats for their fairy stories, hugging to their souls, if they have them, the fond belief that the world owes them a living which must be dragged out of the pockets of hard-working persons who spend no idle moments.

The public libraries and parks are dotted with the miserable specimens of humanity to which we have alluded. They are neither ornamental nor useful, and they drift till they are hungry or homeless. More they importune any one they ever knew for assistance, telling pitiful tales of how they have been abused by hard-hearted relatives. They are a curse to civilization and to themselves, though they have often an inflated idea of their own importance and of the great things they could accomplish if they only had a chance. If an opportunity were offered them to better their condition by hard labor they would pass it by on the other side.

## Domestic Hints.

ICE CREAMS AND CREAM.

Peel and slice as many peaches as will be desired, sprinkle well with sugar, mix through them some whipped cream having in it a few drops of brandy and put into a mould. Pack this mould in ice and salt for an hour or so before serving.

## PINEAPPLE COBBLER.

Four slices of pineapple cut in dice, one lemon and one orange sliced very thin, eight spoonfuls of sugar, one pint of cold water and one cup of shaved ice. Place the fruit in a bowl, strew with the sugar and a little ice, and in ten minutes add the cold water. Stir well and pour into glasses half full of shaved ice; decorate with ripe berries.

## OMELETTE WITH PEPPERS.

Beat separately the whites and yolks of five eggs. Put them together, season with salt, flavor with a teaspoonful of onion juice, and add half a cupful of green peppers which have been chopped and fried in a little butter. Cook in a hot buttered omelette pan.

## PEACH SHORTCAKE.

To two cups of flour add four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half spoonful of salt, one-quarter cup of butter and one tablespoonful of sugar. Mix with milk and spread on two round buttered pans. When done, remove and butter under crust well, spread with peaches, pared and cut into sections, sprinkle well with sugar, and put over the upper crust buttered. Cover the top with peaches and arrange pieces around the outside edge. Cover with whipped cream.—Good Housekeeping.

## STUFFED TOMATOES.

Stuffed and roasted tomatoes are delicious at this season of the year with either mutton or beef. Wash and dry well six fine red tomatoes, those of the bestest variety being the best for this purpose. Cut off the tops without detaching,

so that they will seal as a cover; scoop out the pulp with a vegetable scoop, season the inside with pepper and salt and place the tomatoes on a plate until the stuffing is ready. Peel and chop very fine one medium-sized onion, place it in a saucepan with half a tablespoonful of butter and cook for three minutes on a brisk fire, being careful not to let it become brown. Add six chopped mushrooms and one ounce of sausage meat, season with salt and pepper and cook for three minutes, stirring once in a while. Add now the pulp of the tomatoes, with half a cupful of fresh bread-crumbs and a teaspoonful of fresh chopped parsley. Mix well and cook for two minutes longer or until the mixture comes to a boil; then place in a bowl to cool. Stuff the tomato shells with this preparation and close the covers. Lay them on a tin plate, cover them with buttered paper and cook in a moderate oven for eighteen minutes. Stuffed tomatoes are served as a garnish in various ways.

## SALAD ROLLS.

Two cups of scalded milk, one-fourth cup of butter, two tablespoonfuls sugar, one teaspoonful salt, one yeast cake, four. Dissolve a fresh yeast cake in lukewarm water, add the milk, yeast cake in a little cold water. When the dough has become smooth and elastic, add the milk, sugar and salt. Knead again until fine grained. Shape into small loaves. Place them close together in a buttered pan, cover them and let rise again. Bake fifteen or twenty minutes in a hot oven.—What to Eat.

## Hints to Housekeepers.

There will be less waste of the spinach juices if the vegetable is cooked. The leaves contain so large a proportion of water that the liquid left on them after their washing will be sufficient to keep them from burning. Cooked in this way the spinach should be brought to a heat very slowly. When it is tender it should be drained, and the chopped leaves seasoned with butter, salt and pepper.

Pickled cauliflower makes an appetizing luncheon or supper relish. Cut a cauliflower head into sprigs, put them into boiling salted water and boil for ten minutes. Then strain and pack them with a few whole cloves into the bottom of a jar. Let them stand until the next day, when a cupful of vinegar to the boiling point, season with a teaspoonful of English mustard and turn it over the vegetable. There should be vinegar enough to cover it. Cover the jar tight and leave it for four or five days.

Patient rubbing with chloroform will often remove paint stains from the most delicate fabrics. A preparation that a professional cleaner recommends for use on delicate materials is made of equal parts of ether, chloroform and alcohol. It must be kept tightly corked, or it will lose its strength.

A delightful little sandwich that is on tap in tearooms starts with a round of cold beef, spread with butter, and topped with a slice of ham, spread with cream cheese and currant jelly blended to a pink cream. On top of this is placed a second circle of bread, the same size as the first, lightly spread with chopped pistachio nuts. The effect of white, pink and green is charming, and the gustatory result is highly satisfactory.

Peas should be washed in the pods to remove mildew and dirt. Indeed, the flavor and delicacy of peas is much improved if the pods are soaked in cold water for some time before shelling.

Green peas and bacon are almost a meal for a summer day. Cut a pound of bacon into dice and fry it lightly in a saucepan. Add a pound of shelled peas, an onion, a bunch of parsley and half a pint of water. When the peas are tender season and serve without the parsley, and without the onion, if desired.

A small tray of quicklime placed in closets after the linen has been removed, will be found excellent for keeping the air pure and absorbing moisture. The lime must be frequently renewed.

Coffee stains are difficult to get out of light colored or finely finished materials. If the material is woolen or mixed goods, make a solution of nine parts water, one part glycerine and one-half part aqua ammonia. Apply with a brush, allowing solution to remain half a day. Renew the moistening occasionally, then rub with a dry cloth and press between two pieces of cloth.

There is a chocolate soap that may be served cold. To make it, boil together for five minutes a cupful of water and one-fourth pound of grated chocolate, stirring constantly. Add two quarts of cold milk, and stir into the mixture sugar and salt, and beat over the fire with an egg beater until the mixture boils. Then remove it at once from the fire and turn it into a tureen. Drop the stiffly beaten whites on the top with a teaspoon, sprinkle them with sugar, and chill.

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the coat, all bound with satin, and there are two small shoulder caps with narrow pipings of the satin. The cuffs and stock collar are trimmed with the same.

"Sashes will evidently be favorite accessories of the season's evening gowns, so many and so beautiful are the recently imported ribbons in six-inch and wider widths. These are printed in a variety of exquisite designs of flowers and leaves, and the colorings are of jewel-like beauty. A sash of heavy white satin ribbon has a narrow edge of black velvet, and an all-over design of vine leaves in several tones of gray velvet, shading from the most delicate pearl to stone color. The same ribbon is shown in green tones on a white satin foundation. A black taffeta sash has a design of shadowy gray ostrich plumes overlaid with pink roses. Holly berries and leaves in their natural colors on cream-colored silk furnish a gay effect. In general, however, pastel and opal tones are preferred.

"Hats are light in weight and not essentially different, as far as the materials used are concerned, from those worn all summer. Sashes will be worn until Christmas, it is said, and one may wear them through the winter without being considered eccentric. An original little turban is made of braided stripes of dark blue taffeta, combined on the turned-up brim, with an opal shaded brocade. The crown of the hat is made of folds of the taffeta, almost hidden under two large blue wings, laid quite flat, and a green bird, also flattened over the top of the hat.

"Doves' breasts combined with one long, twisted fold of black velvet held in place with buckles of cut steel, makes an effective hat. The breasts, with their delicate shadings of gray and white, form the body of the hat, and almost flat in shape, with a wide, irregular brim, and the velvet fold forms a sort of crown, which would otherwise be missing on the hat.

"A striped velvet in two tones of dark gray has a shorter coat made very simply. The only touch of trimming is a turn-down collar of black velvet. A large black velvet hat with plumes goes with the suit.

"Little girls will wear gray poke bonnets, elaborately trimmed with ribbon rosettes and ostrich tips. A ruby-red bonnet is composed of folds of felt cloth, and is faced with shirred chiffon of the same color. The only trimming is a wreath of natural holly and rosettes of velvet ribbon. Strings of the velvet are made to tie in a small bow under the chin, allowing the long ends to fall beneath.

"Princess gowns are extremely fashionable for street wear as well as for dressy occasions. The material and cut of these gowns is of paramount importance, and it is a great mistake to overload them with trimming, as their simple lines are then lost. Broadcloth, velvet, soft-finished silks, like peau de soie, Liberty satins and gauzes, and crepe de chine make up most effectively in princess gowns. Trains seem almost essential, but many short princess dresses are being made up. These will not meet with general approval, unless they are more artistically designed than most of the models already displayed. The short gown, as a rule, needs a belt of some kind.

"White lace embroidered or appliqued with satin roses is one of the new trimmings. Apparently, artificial flowers are to be worn as much as real ones. Corsets are described as being almost entirely covered with tiny roses sewed daint



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## Poetry.

### COW-BELLS.

Scarlet, purple, orange light  
Fades to palest green,  
Farm house windows grow less bright  
Where the glare has been.  
Dusky lie the fields about,  
And faintly heard again,  
Far-off, thro' the mist and dew,  
Cow-bells down the lane.

Tinkle, tinkle, clink-a-clink,  
Cow-bells down the lane.  
Swallows deep on circling wings;  
Winds have chilly grown,  
And the cricket shrilly sings;  
Trees look strange and lone;  
Nearer, clearer, past the woods,  
A silvery refrain.

Winding slowly up the hill,  
Cow-bells down the lane,  
Tinkle, tinkle, clink-a-clink,  
Cow-bells down the lane.  
Bess and Brindle, Snowflake, Jet,  
Breaths like new-mown hay,  
Dewy notes, trickling wet,  
Harward ward the way.

One by one, faint, peary stars  
Watch the twilight's wane.  
And the put-up bars shut out  
Cow-bells down the lane.  
Tinkle, tinkle, clink-a-clink,  
Cow-bells down the lane.

—George Cooper, in N. Y. Sun.

### THOU AND I.

Thou and I, both part and eye, dear,  
Thou and I.

The shadows heavy fall on near,  
Thou and I.

The light has from our footsteps fled,  
Thou and I.

Jays are forgot, and hopes are dead,  
Thou and I.

Thou and I no more shall smile, dear,  
Thou and I.

Nor feel the pain of battling tear,  
Thou and I.

The tenderness of look or gleam  
Thou and I.

No more on each sad face shall beam  
Thou and I.

Thou and I no more shall meet, dear,  
Thou and I.

Love's blossoms droop like leafless trees,  
Thou and I.

With hands apart forever more,  
Thou and I.

Clasping the crown and the bare  
Thou and I.

Thou and I no longer dream, dear,  
Thou and I.

Of goals untried, of grief and fear,  
Thou and I.

Nor on some fairer shores release  
Thou and I.

Our sorrows o'er make sweeter peace  
Thou and I.

Thou and I in silence wait, dear,  
Thou and I.

Nor see or know love's meaning clear,  
Thou and I.

The mist enshrouds, and doubt appalls,  
Thou and I.

And darkness reigns where no star falls  
Thou and I.

Thou and I hadst loved in vain, dear,  
Thou and I.

Yet not in vain the prayer we hear,  
Thou and I.

Transformed by love's lone perfect grace  
Thou and I.

Still love find its truest place  
Thou and I.

CLARA ELIZABETH CHOATE.

### I WILL GO OUT.

I will go out into cool woodland places,  
Among old forest trees

That have heard many prayers, seen many faces  
Of men, and meet the breeze

And sun and rain, and dwell awhile with these.  
There are calm spirits in the trees and moun-

tains.  
To those with eyes to see

The old wood gods live yet: forests and fountains  
Yield them security;

If I stay silent they will speak with me.  
Perfumed with prayers I shall espies them stealing

Across the dim-lit lawn  
Ere evening's torch be raised, or when revealing

Another day newborn  
The wind talks with the mountains in the dawn.

I will go out into cool woodland places  
With open heart and ears.

And be a child again, running swift races  
With backward reaching years.

And laugh again and know God's gift of tears.  
—H. B. B., in London Outlook.

### LOVE'S HARBINGER.

(To Priscilla.)

As I stood in the hallway, satchel in hand,  
Bidding them all a goodby,

Little Priscilla leaned over the stair  
And prattled her hopeful reply;

And as I sat musing apart on the train,  
In my ear would the message still ring—

Over and over, like some sweet refrain,  
"Dear Grandma, I'll come in the spring!"

Dear little girl, with love-light in her eyes,  
With a voice like the carol of a bird,

With a laugh like the rattle, gushing and sweet,  
Bubble along with each word:

Your voice at once is a harp's sweet,  
A promise to which our hearts cling,  
Of fair paths of pleasure that wait for our feet,  
Of joys that will come with the spring!

For after the chill of the winter's sharp frost,  
Buried 'neath snowdrifts, so deep,

Safe in the mother-earth, covered up warm,  
Something will stir from its sleep:

Flowers and sunshine and ripple of rills,  
Dear little birds on the wing.

All of these blessings, so dear to us all,  
Like Priscilla, will come in the spring!

ANNA B. PATTEN.

### THE ONE DEFICIENCY.

Mattie's joined a cooking class.  
At morning I awake

To find a fringe of herbs and grass  
Around my bit of steak.

At dinner decorations strange  
Are floating in the soup.

And there are forks and spoons that range  
Just like a warrior troop.

And there are ruffles on the chop  
And lemons everywhere.

In fact, I should not care  
If all the vials thus arrayed  
With daintiness complete  
Could sometime and somehow be made  
More possible to eat.

—Washington Star.

## Miscellaneous.

### A Temporary Bachelor.

"We're neither of us any appetite. Maria's cooking is getting worse than ever," said Miranda, turning away and surveying the tip of her toe, as we sat at breakfast the other morning.

"The fact is, dear, we both want a little change."

"I involuntarily felt in my pockets. It is astonishing how soon newly married men acquire this habit."

"No, I don't mean that sort of change," said Miranda, interpreting my gesture with prompt sympathy.

"What I mean is, you are growing so cross and irritable over your new book that I think it would be better for me and the book if I were to go away for a few days."

"Come and look at the moon last night, when you were in the middle of an exciting chapter, and you used language which would have astonished mamma."

"I noticed that her faculty of astonishment is perennial," I murmured, sotto voce.

"That's rather unkind," said Miranda. "If I had known how absorbed you were in your work, I should have married—"

"Oh, never mind him, I hastily interrupted. "I know the best keeps five horses and all that sort of thing, while I've only one poor halting Pegasus."

"Of course, when a man is hammering out a new book it does stir him up to ask him to go and look at the moon, just as it was a startling novelty. Besides, once or twice I had failed to notice Miranda's newest dress. This had evidently rankled, and she was bent upon revenge."

"I think I'd better go," said Miranda, continued.

"I never heard of such a thing," I said, in grief and astonished tones. "The idea of your going away without me! You—you'll find life a blank."

"Oh, no! You see, it's only up the river," said Miranda, "and she'll be gone more than three or four days, or perhaps a week."

"A week! Whom do you know up the river?"

"It's the Ansonbome-Smiths. Mary Ansonbome-Smith is an old friend of mine."

"Well," said Miranda, "Mary has just come back from Paris with a heap of perfectly ravishing frocks and hats she wants to show me. So, as you are so busy with the book, I sent her a line last night to say that I would go today."

"Very kind of you, indeed," my manner was hurt and injured. "Of course, I shall be able to get on better with the book without you. Then I looked Byronic and bit off the wrong end of a cigar."

Miranda noticed that I was really grieved, so she came round and fondled the one remaining hair on my lofty Parnassian brow. "Now don't be silly, dear. You know very well how worried you are over your new heroine. You can't possibly get to know her if I'm fussing around all the time, and taking you out to look at the moon and what for?"

"This was perfectly true, but I did not want Miranda to say it. Haven't the Ansonbome-Smiths a ping-pong table?" I asked, brightening up a little and forgetting to be Byronic.

"I don't know," said Miranda, hastily, though she knew perfectly well that they had. "It will be very much better for you to stay here and evolve the new heroine."

"Aren't you afraid to leave me alone with her?"

"Don't think so," said Miranda, "because, however much you fall in love with your heroine for the time being, I always score in the long run. Now, be a good, reasonable boy, and don't make a fuss about such a trifle. If you'd read anything of French history—"

"I have—a little."

"Ah, but not the kind I mean. If you'd read anything of French history you'd remember that story of the young married couple who worshipped each other and went away to live in the country and began to quarrel."

"I suppose it was from seeing too much of each other. He had something on his mind—used to murmur things in his sleep—and that puzzled her. At last it appeared that he was worried by a spot on her chin. He had seen the matter, and that assumed the proportions of a disfigurement. Of course there was a scene, and the parents interfered. His father took him away for a month to Paris and her mother took her for a month to the Provinces."

"And then?" I queried, not quite seeing the point of this story.

"Well," said Miranda, "before the month was up they began to love each other again."

"And had the spot gone?"

"The story doesn't say," Miranda looked puzzled. "But I suppose it would have been the same to him if it hadn't."

"You haven't any spots on your chin. What are you leading up to?"

"No, but I've sometimes wished your mustache wasn't so red. Still, it is useless to prolong a discussion of this nature," said Miranda.

"We are growing personal. Before I go to the Ansonbome-Smiths I will tell Maria (Maria is our domestic retainer, a relic of the feudal age) to look after you and make you comfortable."

"Of course, I put the book face to the matter, and assured Miranda that I should be grateful in lonely solitude until her return."

"Oh, no, you won't," said Miranda. "You'll run up to town in the evenings, or else get so engrossed with that fascinating heroine of yours that you won't give a thought to me until I come back."

"I shall look up your chin the first thing," I declared, as she prepared to depart.

"Don't be horrid," said Miranda, dancing down the steps; and, Maria, be good to your master."

Maria regarded me dubiously as I came back into the house. "What's the matter with you, Maria?" I asked. "You don't look very well."

"Then I look what I am, sir," said Maria, and Maria, from which I gathered that she was not very well.

"Aren't you well?"

"No, I'm not, sir. That lumber, again," said Maria in tones of intense severity. "I didn't think the missus 'ud go away when I'd got the lumber."

"Did you tell her about it?"

"Of course not," said Maria, indignantly. "People ought to see for themselves."

"Well, you'd better see the doctor, or something," I suggested, hastily feeling to my study. Maria was beginning to give me details of the "lumber," and I dreamed them. When she once gets started, she's as lengthy as a "Paradise Lost."

"Oh, I'll wait a bit, sir, and see how I get on," said Maria, and left me to my own devices.

I put in a most satisfactory day with the new heroine, because on speaking terms with her and had a snug little dinner all to myself. Then I worked again till ten o'clock, and was getting to know this somewhat questionable person even better than before dinner, when I heard a shuffling step on the stair, and Maria poked her head into my "den."

"I'm going to bed now, sir," she groaned.

"All right, Maria," I said cheerfully. "Mind you call me early tomorrow morning."

"I don't think I shall, sir," said Maria, still more lugubriously. "I'm going to bed."

"So you said just now. Call me at seven."

"I don't think I'm ever going to get up again," protested Maria, looking at me with mournful eyes. "I'd like to see the last of you, sir."

"So the last of me? Not get up again! Nonsense! What's the matter?"

"It's that lumber," said Maria with emphasis. "It's crawling all over my back now, and I shall know just where it's going to settle by to-morrow morning."

"On that subject, I imagine you are right," I said, kindly. Now, look, Maria, I'll give you a stiff tumbler of toddy. Then you tumbled into bed. You'll be well in the morning."

Maria took the toddy and drank it at a gulp. "It's all very well, sir, your talking about my tumbling into bed; but how do I know I shall ever tumble out again?"

She crawled away, followed by her two black cats, and I, not waiting for an answer to this perplexing riddle, and I worked until twelve.

Then I went to bed and slept the sleep of the just.

In the middle of the night I was awakened by a strange noise. Hastily putting on my dressing-gown and picking up a life preserver I rushed out on the landing and listened.

"What's that?" I asked, from the roof of the house, although it seemed almost too burglar should have taken the trouble to go up to the roof when they could so easily get in at the French window opening onto the lawn. As I listened, a life preserver in one hand and a candle in the other, the noise resolved itself into an old familiar strain. The voice of the singer was not pleasing, but she seemed to be addressing remarks to the Book of Ages, and wanting to leave somewhere. Then there was a groan, and I heard the door of the room open, and I saw a candle flame.

"Danahill!" with an emphasis which made it worse than any "swear" word.

I went up the stairs, three steps at a bound, and knocked at Maria's door. What's the matter, Maria, are you very ill?"

My friend, "Didn't you hear me, sir?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, I heard you. How could I help it? I thought it was burglar."

Maria was not too ill to be aggressive. What would burglar do in a place like this? she asked, with some contempt. "It's my back, sir, and the lumber's settled just where I thought it would."

"The said this as if she had been yearning for lumber all her life. Her tone was almost triumphant."

"Well, I'm very sorry. Anything I can do?"

"Oh, I suppose I shall have to wait till the morning," said Maria, and I heard her turn over on one side and again begin her melancholy chant.

As we live two miles out of the village I live in a quarry. When I awoke at eight the next morning the house was as still as the grave. I crept upstairs, listened at Maria's door, and heard her moaning heavily. When I had succeeded in awakening her by pounding loudly on the door, I saw that she felt able to come down and get me my breakfast.

"No, sir, I don't," said Maria, with angry emphasis. "Is this a time for breakfast? I think you'd better tarry for a missus and get her to come home again."

"Oh, I don't like to do that," I said, hastily. "Sure you're as bad as all that? Can't I run for the doctor?"

"What! And leave me without my breakfast? Maria was horrified. No, sir, you'd better get the doctor. You'll find the gas in the kitchen table, and everything handy. I left it out last night in case of the doctor."

"Now, if there is one thing I pride myself on in this world, it is my versatility. Of course, I can cook as well as most people. I haven't wandered over the universe, experimenting on all sorts of food, without knowing how to handle it in an emergency. Still, I was very busy, and I annoyed me to think that I should have to wait for Maria's breakfast, or go without my own. What would you like?" I asked, anxiously. "Something simple? An egg or a rasher of bacon?"

"No, sir," said Maria, indignantly. "Nothing of the sort. I'm surprised at your not knowing better. I want some grub."

"I'm afraid you can't have it. I never made grub in my life."

"Then don't you think you'd better begin, sir?" suggested Maria. "You don't want me to die of starvation up here, do you?"

"Certainly not. Is there anything else I can do for you before I begin the breakfast?"

"If you're sure you can't make grub, you'd better try sausages, sir. Pick 'em with a fork first," said Maria. "And if you wouldn't mind bringing up the grub and he'll live. I'm obliged to you. They're in a basket under the dresser, and they'd be comfortable in my affliction, sir."

Maria has a great weakness for kittens, so I bought up the weary basketful, followed by their protesting parent, and, gingerly opening the door, pushed them in. Maria briefly expressed her gratitude, and I went down to get some breakfast. Of course, no one had lit the kitchen gas, and I had to light it myself. I could not find any materials for making grub; if I had found them, I should not have known what to do with them; but the sausages were in the larder, and I felt that I could not go far wrong with simple viands.

I fixed the gas in the scullery, and set to work with the nearest frying pan, first vigorously prodding the sausages with a fork, as Maria had instructed me. All went swimmingly until, just as the sausages were nearly done, the other cat came in, sidled fondly against the frying pan, upset it, and singed herself severely with the gas. Of course, his language was not fit for publication; he seemed to think that I had done it on purpose, and it took time to soothe him and put oil on the patch burned by the gas. When the cat had cooled down and promised not to mention the matter to Maria, I picked up the sausages from the scullery floor, and found that two or three of them had fallen into some kerosene carelessly spilled by Maria, and I was left very much puzzled. The kerosene was not very good, and I had to eat them, so I finished cooking them, cut Maria some bread and butter, made her a nice, strong cup of tea, and, taking the tray upstairs without any mishap, pushed it into the corner of her door. I expected that Maria would be complimentary. All she did say was: "Where's my grub, sir?"

"You can't have any grub until the doctor sees you. It's much better for you to worry along on sausages. They're—they're more strengthening."

"Oh, very well, sir," resignedly said Maria. "To please you, I'll do my best to pick a bit."

She began to "pick a bit" and gave a yell of dismay as her teeth met in the first sausage.

"What's the matter?" I asked, lingering on the landing.

"You're doing your best to poison me, sir," said Maria, in hollow tones. "And I suppose I may as well die of this lumber. Still, you needn't have cooked the sausages in oil."

"I didn't," I said, hastily. "They fell on the scullery floor, where you'd been spilling kerosene."

"I might have known what would happen when I left that kerosene there," said Maria, still in tones of intense severity. "You don't order me more grub, sir, when you're cooking for an invalid."

"Well, I've done my best, anyway," I was rapidly growing exasperated. "Drink your cup of tea and go to sleep while I fetch the doctor."

"Goodby, sir," said Maria, and I departed in search of a doctor.

Of course, the doctor was out, so I telegraphed to Miranda, "Return immediately!"

It seemed better to put it in that way rather than to go into details. Then I hastily sent a village friend of Maria's to look after her and went for a long walk, for I was not equal to work in the face of Maria's illness. The most important thing was to get Maria to eat, and I was sure that if I could get her to eat, I could get her to live.

I returned at lunch time and wandered toward the kitchen, miserably making up my mind to find something cold in the pantry. To my great surprise, there was a cheerful fire blazing there, and Maria and her friend were just sitting down to a meal of succulent chop.

I stared at them in amazement. "I thought you were nearly dead," I said severely to Maria.

"So I was, sir," said Maria, pointing a piece of chop on her fork, and looking at me with re-

proachful eyes. "I kind Mrs. Brown hadn't come in and I was just about to go to bed."

"I don't know what you're talking about," I said, when I should have got up. "I don't think you're more feeling for the sufferings of a poor woman than to leave me all the morning like this, sir."

"Well, I want some luncheon," I snapped. "Perhaps, as a favor, you'd spare me some of those chops. I'm hungry. First I'll rub my back. There's only two more, sir, and me, being an invalid, naturally fancies chops," said Maria, wickedly: "but if you can do with one—"

"Oh, yes, one will do," I said, bitterly. "Perhaps you'd better give me the gold one. Your trousers will be rather surprised to find you sitting up and enjoying chops when she comes back presently."

"What, sir?" said Maria, a piece of chop falling from her fork and rolling on the floor where the cat caught it. "Missus coming back again? Whatsoever for?"

"To nurse you," I said, angrily. "You asked me to send you a telegram to say how ill you were, and I've done it. I expect she'll be back again in about half an hour."

"You shouldn't be in such a hurry to take me as my word, sir," said Maria, severely. "How did I know the pain wasn't coming back again?"

"If I were you, I'd have had that pain again and get to bed at once. Your mistress will be angry if she has to come back for nothing."

"I'll finish my chop and think it over," said Maria. "Perhaps you'd better go to your lunch, sir, now you've done your best to poison me."

When Maria is "up" it is no use arguing with her, so I went and had my luncheon, and presently heard Maria hobble past the dining-room door with sundry groans and work her way upstairs.

As soon as Miranda returned I told her that Maria was very ill in bed, but said not a word about the chops. She rushed upstairs to see Maria, and, to my great surprise, when she came down, was not angry, but only rumpled the one hair on my forehead, and said she had found her in a state of collapse. She said she was very sorry, and that she had been so busy that she had not had time to take pleasure in any feminine society, even that of my heroine, except her back, and did it so vigorously that she had mistaken Maria's groans for a cry of pain.

The next morning, Maria was so far recovered that the breakfast appeared at the usual time. Later on I found her in the garden, hanging out the clothes.

"What, sir?" I asked, surprised. "I thought you were still in bed?"

"She seemed pleased when she came downstairs again," said Maria.

Maria gave the nearest approach to a wink of which she was capable. "I prayed for light, sir, and I couldn't get light, so I—"

"Well?"

"I—just told her you'd given me five shillings to pretend I was ill, because you felt so lonely you couldn't get on without her."



